

# For MELODIES LITTLE PEOPLE.



Containing also 100 Recitations.  
BY S. V. R. FORD.

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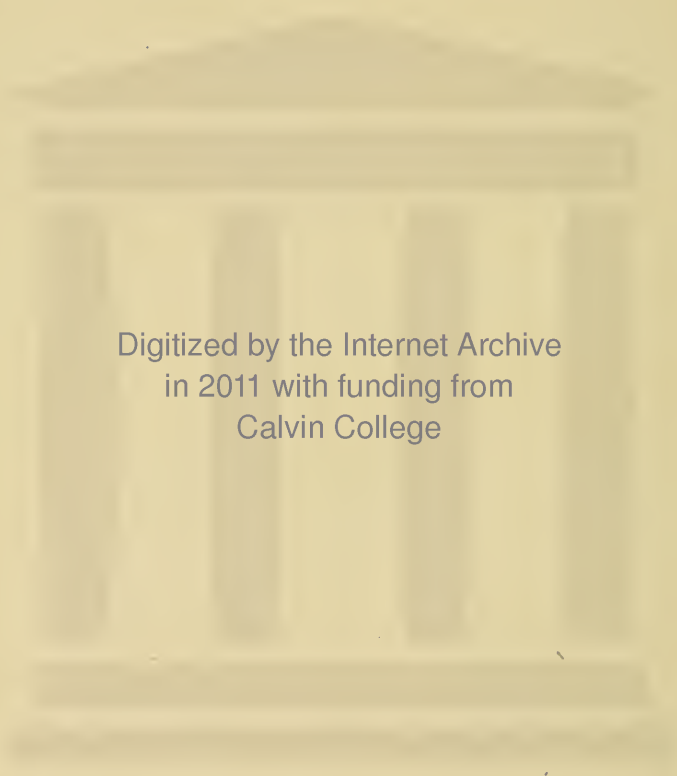
NEW YORK HUNT & EATON.

CINCINNATI, CRANSTON & STOWE.

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# MELODIES

FOR



# LITTLE PEOPLE

CONTAINING ALSO

## ONE HUNDRED RECITATIONS

For Sunday-schools, Anniversary Occasions, Concerts, Entertainments, and  
Sociables, with Songs adapted to the Home Circle  
and Social Meetings

✓✓  
By S. V. R. FORD

Author of "Ford's Sunday-School Concert Exercises" and  
"Anniversary Songs"

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NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON  
CINCINNATI: CRANSTON & STOWE

1892

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**NEW YORK.**

## PREFACE.

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WHILE of the making of Sunday-school song books "there is no end," comparatively few publications for infant and primary classes have been issued. Every superintendent knows how difficult it is to obtain songs and recitations for little people on anniversary and special occasions. Further than this; Sunday-school and church sociables and entertainments, of which the parts sustained by the younger children constitute the leading attraction, are being held with increasing frequency, and the task of procuring suitable musical and literary pieces, from which to construct an interesting programme, is a laborious one. It is thought that this collection will, to some extent, supply this need, in addition to furnishing scores of devotional hymns and songs for the regular sessions of the Sunday-school. Motion songs, class and motto exercises, adapted to very small children, form a leading feature of the book.

Nearly all the hymns and songs are original. This is likewise true of the motto exercises and very many of the recitations; indeed, of all those the authorship of which is not given. Being copyrighted, no one will be permitted to print or publish them without first obtaining the written consent of the owner of copyright.

S. V. R. FORD.

BOSTON, MASS.

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# MELODIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

## No. 1. The Song of Jubilee.

Rev. L. BACON.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea;

Now is come the promised hour, Je - sus reigns with sov'reign pow'r.

### REFRAIN.

Wake the song! wake the song! Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee!

Let it ech - o, ech - o, ech - o, Let it ech - o o'er the sea!

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt & Eaton.

2 All ye nations join and sing,  
Christ of lords and kings is King;  
Let it sound from shore to shore,  
Jesus reigns forevermore!—*Ref.*

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,  
And the islands join their voice—  
Yea, the whole creation sings  
Jesus is the King of kings!—*Ref.*

## Six Pretty Words.

Six words are as pretty  
As pretty can be;  
I wish they might always  
Be spoken of me,  
By Him who beholds  
Every act that is good;  
The six words are these:  
"She hath done what she could."

### No. 2.

### Caring for Me.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly car - ing for me, One of the

The first system of music is in G major, 6/8 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly car - ing for me, One of the' are written below the treble staff.

lambs of His flock; No earth-ly friend is as faith - ful as He,

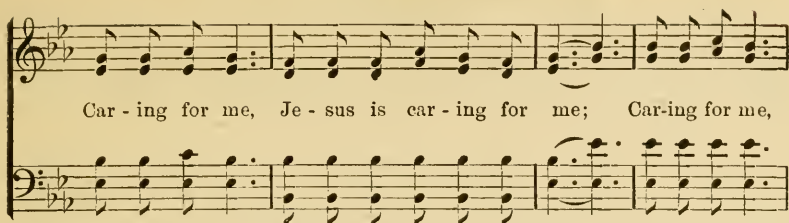
The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'lambs of His flock; No earth-ly friend is as faith - ful as He,' are written below the treble staff.

#### REFRAIN.

He is my Shield and my Rock. Car - ing for me,

The refrain section of music is in G major, 6/8 time. The lyrics 'He is my Shield and my Rock. Car - ing for me,' are written below the treble staff.

## Caring for Me.—Concluded.



2 Daily He grants me the smile of His face,  
Daily He stands by my side;  
Tumult and fear in my heart have no place  
While in His love I abide.—*Ref.*

3 This is my comfort that Jesus is mine,  
To His dear cross I will cling;  
Casting my burdens on Him, I resign  
All to my Saviour and King!—*Ref.*

## Baby - Brother.

I have a baby-brother,  
A darling little pet,  
With rosy cheeks all dimpled,  
And eyes as black as jet.

He has an ear for singing,  
With lots of voice to spare,  
And when he cries in earnest,  
“There’s music in the air.”

Sometimes when he is list’ning,  
I cannot hear a thing;  
I wonder if a baby  
Can hear the angels sing?

Perhaps the Saviour whispers  
Sweet words in baby’s ear—  
Words which an older person,  
Like me, can never hear.

But whether Jesus tells him  
Sweet things or not, I know  
He cares for baby-brother,  
Because He loves him so.

# No. 3.

# Little Sailors.

Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

(SONG FOR BOYS.)

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Hap-py lit - tle sail-ors, Go - ing out to sea, Full of love and

laughter, Hoist your flags with glee. While the morning breezes Sing a

rounde - lay, Join your voic-es with them Thro' the ris - ing spray.

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- 2 Take your compass with you,  
For the Polar Star  
Oftentimes is hidden,  
And the way is far;  
Ask on board the Pilot,  
For He knows the shoals,  
He who made the ocean  
All its rage controls.
- 3 Take the Living Water,  
For the seas are brine,  
You could never drink them,  
Though so clear they shine;  
Surely take the anchor,  
It would never do  
To sail far without it  
All the surges through.

- 4 Broader seas and deeper,  
Farther from the shore,  
Go, ye little sailors,  
Where the breakers roar  
To the heavenly country!  
Spread the snow-white sail,  
O'er the waters wafted  
Angels you will hail.
- 5 Happy little sailors!  
Jesus is the star,  
Jesus is the Pilot,  
To that land afar;  
Listen! for He calls you,  
Happy shall you be,  
Till you drop the anchor  
In the golden sea.



## Recitation and Song.

Though I am so very little,  
There is one thing I can do;  
And if you will kindly listen,  
I will sing a verse or two  
Of a song that is as pretty  
As a little song can be:  
Pure and touching, sweet and simple,  
One I learned at mother's knee.

### No. 4. Jesus Tells Me in the Bible.

S. V. R. F.

(SOLO.)

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Je - sus tells me in the Bi - ble Of His ten - der love for me -

How He died to seal my par - don On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt & Eaton.

- 2 I'm so glad that Jesus folded  
Little children to His breast;  
For I know that when I'm weary,  
I may come to Him for rest.
- 3 Tenderly He watches o'er me,  
In the darkness and the light;  
And although I cannot see them,  
Angels guard me day and night.
- 4 And around His throne in glory,  
Children worship while they sing;  
Worthy is the Lamb forever,  
Our Redeemer, Lord and King.

# I Know.

(FOR FIVE SMALL CHILDREN.)

## *First.*

I know that God sees me  
By day and by night,  
He knows all my actions—  
The wrong and the right.

## *Second.*

I know that God hears me:  
Indeed there's no word  
My lips ever uttered  
That He has not heard.

## *Third.*

I know that God calls me,  
For oft when I stray,  
His voice sweetly whispers,  
Child, this is the way.

## *Fourth.*

I know that God seeks me  
In mercy and love.  
To find me, the Saviour  
Came down from above.

## *Fifth.*

I know that God loves me,  
Since Jesus was given  
To purchase my pardon  
And fit me for heaven.

# My Riches.

No angel is as rich as I;  
The Lord, my Father is;  
He owns the starry worlds on high,  
And all the earth is His.  
I am His child, and in His love  
He gives all things to me;  
I am an heir to heaven above—  
The child of royalty.  
I own the sun whose golden light  
Shines on me from afar—  
The planets and the Queen of night—  
The stars my jewels are.

I own the bright and fragrant flowers,  
Each plant, and tree, and vine;  
The birds that warble in the bowers  
So sweetly—all are mine.  
And God is mine. Thus I am free  
From every anxious care;  
He clothes the flowers that bloom for  
The birds His bounty share; [me,  
And so I'm happy as a King  
Throughout the live-long day;  
I trust my Father while I sing  
The golden hours away.

# A Little Soldier.

I am a little soldier,  
And only five years old;  
I mean to fight for Jesus,  
And wear a crown of gold;  
I know He makes me happy,  
And loves me all the day,  
I'll be His little soldier,  
The Bible says I may.  
I love my precious Saviour,  
Because He died for me,  
And if I did not serve Him,  
How sinful I should be;

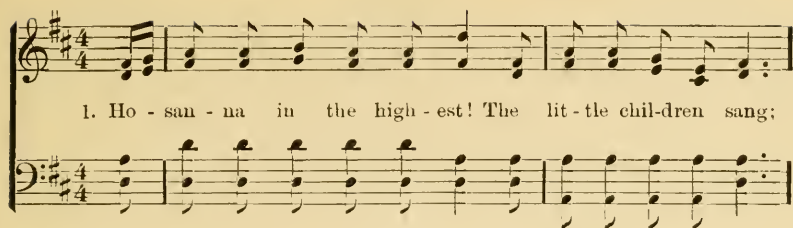
He gives me every comfort,  
And hears me when I pray;  
I want to live for Jesus,  
The Bible says I may.  
I now can do but little,  
Yet when I am a man,  
I'll try to do for Jesus,  
The greatest good I can;  
God help and keep me faithful  
In all I do and say;  
I want to live a Christian,  
The Bible says I may.

Selected.

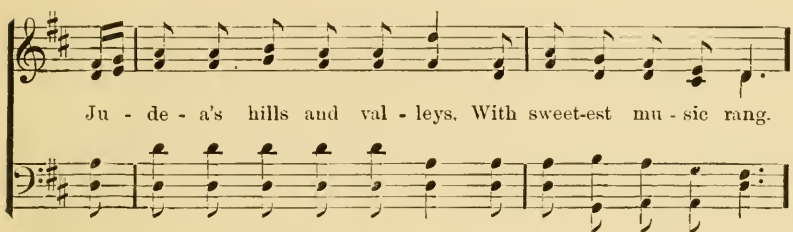
# No. 5. Hosanna in the Highest.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.



1. Ho - san - na in the high - est! The lit - tle chil - dren sang;

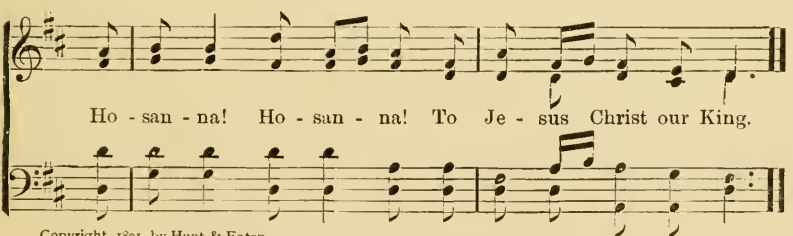


Ju - de - a's hills and val - leys. With sweet - est mu - sic rang.

## REFRAIN.



Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Let all the chil - dren sing;



Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! To Je - sus Christ our King.

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2 The Lord came down from heaven,  
And lived in poverty;  
His life was freely given,  
To ransom you and me.—*Ref.*

3 He rose, the King of glory,  
In triumph from the grave,

And into heaven ascended,  
His guilty foes to save.—*Ref.*

4 If we obey and love Him,  
And serve Him till we die,  
He'll take us home to heaven,  
To reign with Him on high.—*Ref.*

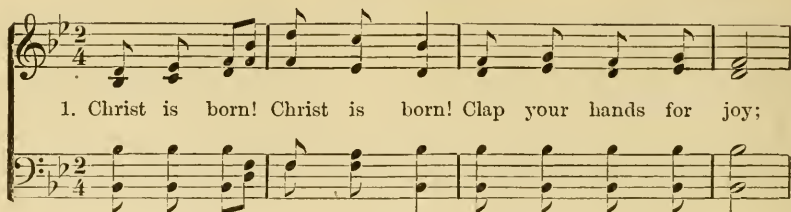
# No. 6.

# Clap your Hands.

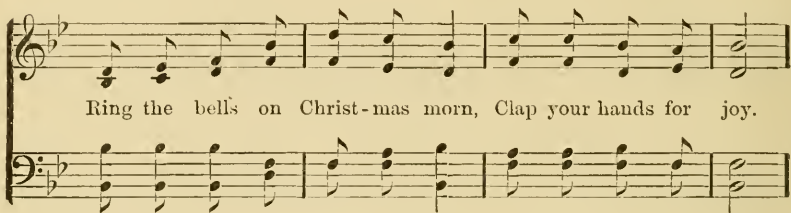
S. V. R. F.

(MOTION SONG.)

S. V. R. FORD.

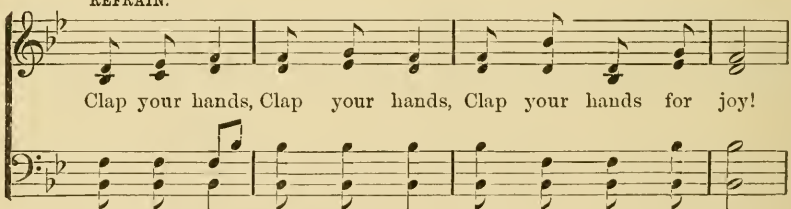


1. Christ is born! Christ is born! Clap your hands for joy;

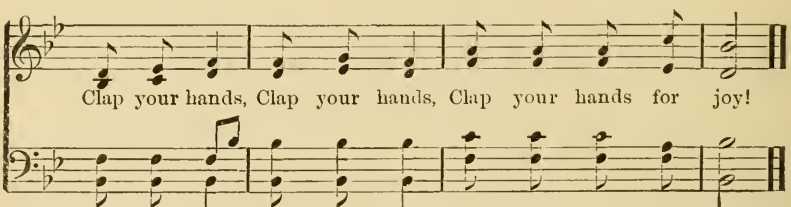


Ring the bells on Christ-mas morn, Clap your hands for joy.

## REFRAIN.



Clap your hands, Clap your hands, Clap your hands for joy!



Clap your hands, Clap your hands, Clap your hands for joy!

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2 Jesus lives! Jesus lives!

Clap your hands for joy!

Pardon, peace and life He gives,

Clap your hands for joy!—*Ref.*

3 Christ will come! Christ will come!

Clap your hands for joy!

He will take His children home,

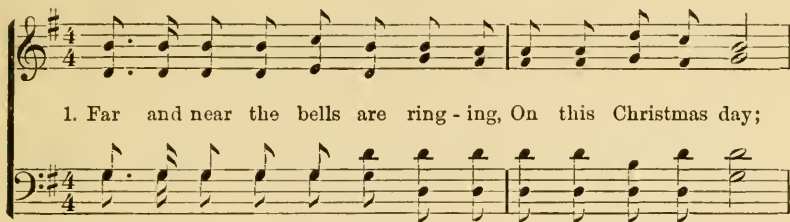
Clap your hands for joy!—*Ref.*

# No. 7.

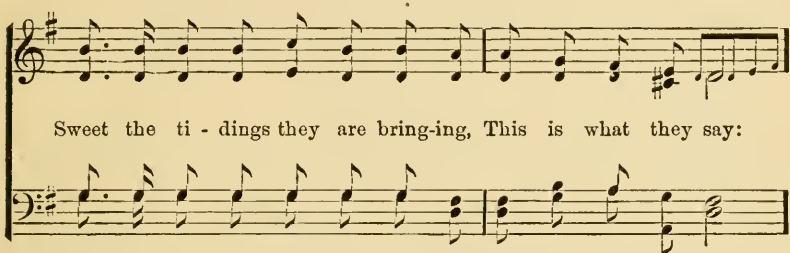
# Christ is Born.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

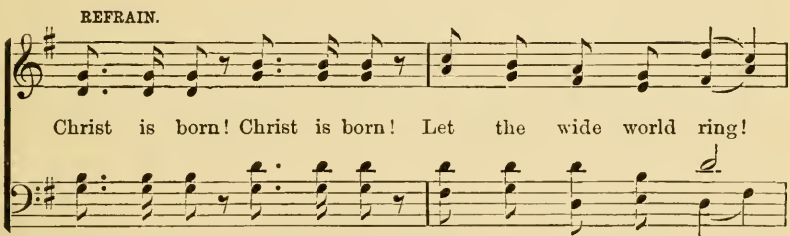


1. Far and near the bells are ring - ing, On this Christmas day;

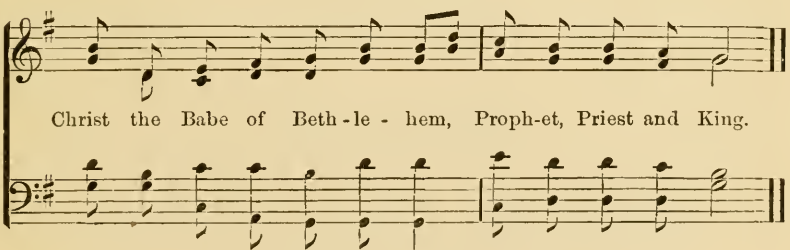


Sweet the ti - dings they are bring-ing, This is what they say:

REFRAIN.



Christ is born! Christ is born! Let the wide world ring!



Christ the Babe of Beth - le - hem, Proph-et, Priest and King.

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt & Eaton.

2 Angels from the realms of glory,  
Told the Saviour's birth;  
Joyfully they sang the story  
To the list'ning earth:— *Ref.*

3 Christ is come to bring salvation,  
Shout the joyful strain!  
Sing the news till every nation  
Learns the glad refrain!— *Ref.*

## A Christmas Carol.

A star was seen !  
A song was heard !  
The angels gleam !  
The shepherds feared !  
While heavenly music sweet and rare  
Thrilled all the pulsing, trembling air !

"Fear not," they sing,  
"Glad tidings now  
Behold we bring  
Of greatest joy.  
And then they sang the sweet refrain  
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And now they say:  
"For unto you  
Is born this day  
A Saviour, who  
Is Christ the Lord," of virgin maid,  
And now in lonely manger laid !

The shepherds heard  
The story told !  
Their hearts were stirred  
They left the fold,  
And straightway went to see the sight  
That thrilled the angels with delight.

And as they go  
The angel choir  
Brake forth in song  
That filled the air,  
And vibrates yet, in praise of Him  
Who gave us Christ, the new-born King !

JOHN G. ROBINSON

## Christmas Hymn.

Away in a manger,  
No crib for His bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Lay down His sweet head.  
The stars in the sky  
Looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Asleep in the hay.

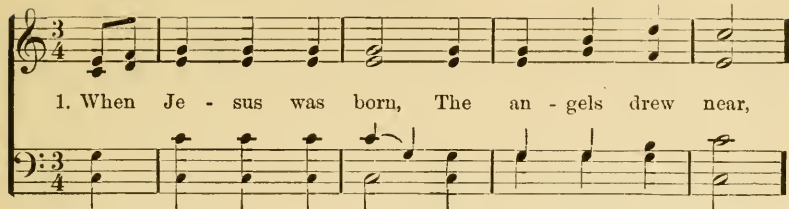
The cattle are lowing,  
The poor baby wakes,  
But little Lord Jesus  
No crying He makes.  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Look down from the sky,  
And stay by my crib,  
Watching my lullaby.

MARTIN LUTHER.

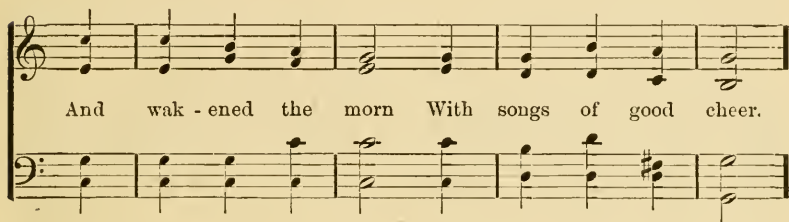
## No. 8. When Jesus was Born.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

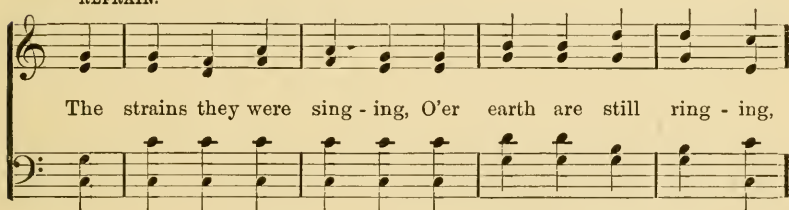


1. When Je - sus was born, The an - gels drew near,

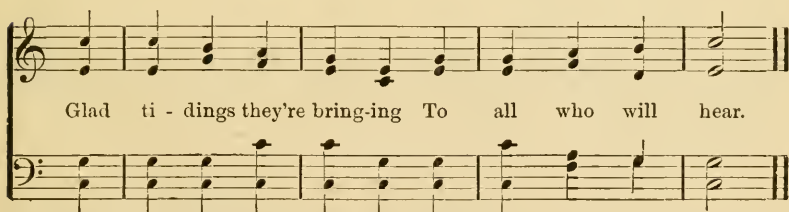


And wak - ened the morn With songs of good cheer.

### REFRAIN.



The strains they were sing - ing, O'er earth are still ring - ing,



Glad ti - dings they're bring - ing To all who will hear.

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2 They sang of that name  
To children so dear,  
Of Jesus who came  
To dwell with them here.—*Ref.*

3 The song of good will  
And peace toward all men,  
Shall echo until  
Christ cometh again.—*Ref.*



## No. 9.

## Hail, Holy Night!

S. V. R. F.

(PROCESSIONAL.)

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Hail, ho - ly night! il - lumed a - far By Beth - le - hem's pro -

phet - ic \* Star; All hail the con - se - cra - ted morn On

which the Prince of Peace was born. While shepherds watched their

flocks by night, An an - gel from the throne of light

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# Hail, Holy Night!—Continued.

Up - on them came, while round them shone Glo - ry from God's e -

ter - nal throne. "Fear not," said he, "be - hold, I bring Good

ti - dings of your new-born King, To be by all man -

kind a - dored, A Sav - iour which is Christ the Lord!"

2 Thus joyously the angel sang,  
Heaven with the pealing anthem rang:  
His voice throughout the realms of earth  
And sky proclaimed the Saviour's birth.  
The heavenly host the chorus raised,  
And with united voices praised

The King of kings enthroned on high,  
Whose glory fills the earth and sky.  
Glory to God who reigns above,  
All glory to the God of love,  
And on earth peace, good will toward men,  
Glory to God, Amen! Amen!

# Hail, Holy Night!—Concluded.

(GLORIA PATRI.)

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, And to the Son, and  
to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, Is  
now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men, A - men.  
A - men, A - men, A - men.

## The Bright and Morning Star.

Hail, Prince of Peace, Immanuel, the bright and morning star,  
The Christ adored at Bethlehem by wise men from afar;  
Messiah by the shepherds sought when angels sang the lay,  
"A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord, is born to you this day."

The promise writ by prophet's pen upon the sacred page,  
That out of Jacob should arise a Star, grew dim with age.  
On mountain crest there gathered oft expectant souls by night  
To catch the splendor of Thy dawn, but died without the sight.

Then lo! a brilliant orb arose to deck the firmament—  
A Star that thrilled with holy joy the wondering Orient,  
And saints elect who waited for the rod of Jesse's stem,  
And Israel's consolation, hailed the Star of Bethlehem.

O wondrous Star of Bethlehem, shine on till time shall cease;  
O King of kings, bring in the reign of universal peace;  
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth and heaven above;  
Enthroned Thyself in human hearts, the Lord of life and love.

## O Little Town of Bethlehem.

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent hours go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light:  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming;  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him  
The dear Christ enters in. [still,

O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray!  
Cast out our sin and enter in;  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

## Responsive Christmas Recitation.

*First Scholar.*

I wonder why the shepherds  
Of ancient Bethlehem,  
Were sore afraid when glory  
From heaven shone on them?

*Second Scholar.*

It was God's light revealing  
The darkness of their sin;  
His glory will not harm us  
If we are pure within.

*First Scholar.*

I wonder that they trembled,  
When, from the throne of light,  
An angel came upon them,  
Arrayed in garments white.

*Second Scholar.*

Yes, for if one bright angel  
So filled their hearts with fear,  
What would they do in heaven,  
With thousands always near?

*First Scholar.*

And don't you wish that angels,  
With faces fair and bright,  
Would leave their homes in glory  
And visit you by night?

*Second Scholar.*

Yes, for no light so glorious  
Could round about me shine;  
And then the angels' singing  
Would be almost divine.

*First Scholar.*

Well, don't you wish that round you  
Would shine each Christmas morn  
God's glory, and that angels  
Would sing "The Christ is born?"

*Second Scholar.*

Yes, if from sleep awaking  
I saw them hov'ring near,  
Arrayed in shining garments,  
My heart would feel no fear.

*Both.*

I'd view the sight with rapture,  
And glory in the strain:  
"To you we bring good tidings,  
The Lord has come to reign—  
The Prince of Life immortal,  
Whose kingdom shall not cease;  
To God be all the glory,  
To men good will and peace."

## No. 10.

## Joy in Bethlehem.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. There is joy in Beth - le - hem Christ is born! Christ is born!

Bring the roy - al di - a - dem, Christ is born to - day.

## REFRAIN.

Ring the bells! ring the bells! Ring the bells on Christ-mas morn;

To the earth their ring - ing tells, "Christ the Lord is born."

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- 2 O'er His manger angels sing,  
 Christ is born! Christ is born!  
 Heaven and earth with music ring,  
 Christ is born to-day.—*Ref.*
- 3 Sing it o'er and o'er again,  
 Christ is born! Christ is born!  
 Peace on earth, good will toward men!  
 Christ is born to-day.—*Ref.*

# No. 11. Waken, Christian Children.

S. C. HAMERTON.

ANON.

1. Wak-en, Christian chil-dren, Up, and let us sing, With glad hearts and

voi - ces, Of our new-born King. Up! 'tis meet to wel - come

With a joy-ous lay Christ, the King of glo - ry, Born for us to - day.

2 In a manger lowly  
Sleeps a heavenly Child,  
O'er Him fondly bendeth  
Mary, mother mild.  
Far above that stable,  
Up in heaven so high,  
One bright star outshineth,  
Watching silently.

3 Fear not, then, to enter,  
Though we cannot bring  
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,  
Fitting for a King.  
Gifts He asketh richer,  
Offerings costlier still,  
Yet may Christian children  
Bring them if they will.

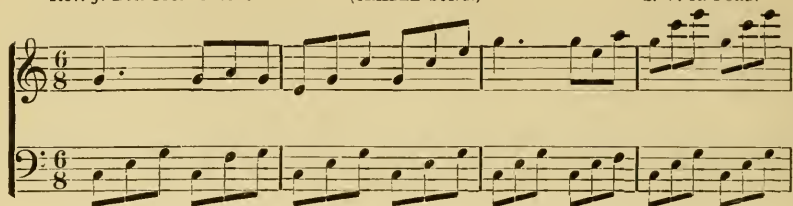
4 Brighter than all jewels  
Shines the modest eye;  
Best of gifts, He loveth  
Infant purity.  
Haste, we then, to welcome  
With a joyous lay  
Christ, the King of Glory,  
Born for us to-day.

# No. 12. Swing, Birdie, Swing.

Rev. J. BYINGTON SMITH,

(CRADLE SONG.)

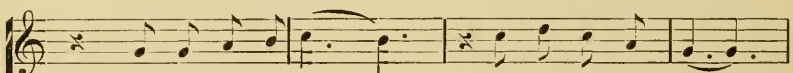
S. V. R. FORD.



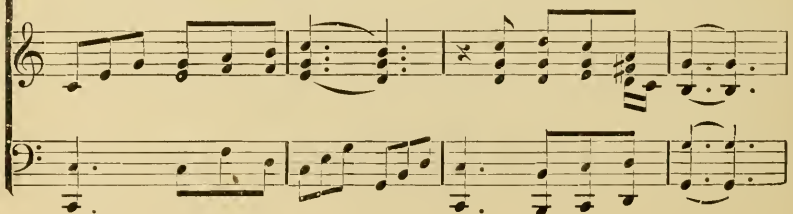
Swing, bird - ie, swing, Swing, bird - ie, swing,



*Inst.*



In boughs of the trees, There rocked by the breeze;





## Swing, Birdie, Swing.—Concluded.

Swing, bird - ie, swing, Swing, bird - ie, swing,

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a chordal accompaniment of eighth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

Sweet-ly the while ye shall rest, There in your soft lit - tle nest.

The second system of musical notation also consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The middle and bottom staves provide harmonic support with chords and single notes respectively.

2 Swing, birdie, swing,  
 Swing, birdie, swing;  
 Ye know naught of care  
 While kept safely there;  
 Swing, birdie, swing,  
 Swing, birdie, swing;  
 Zephyrs are heard where you lie,  
 Chanting this sweet lullaby.

3 Swing, birdie, swing,  
 Swing, birdie, swing;  
 There in your nest keep,  
 And rock you to sleep;  
 Swing, birdie, swing,  
 Swing, birdie, swing;  
 He who supplies all our need,  
 Promises birdies to feed.

4 Swing, baby, swing,  
 Swing, baby, swing;  
 Like birds in their nest,  
 Where naught doth molest;  
 Swing, baby, swing,  
 Swing, baby, swing;  
 Over your cradle I'll keep  
 Vigils for you while you sleep.

# No. 13. Because He Loved Me So.

Mrs. EMILY H. MILLER.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry, Which an - gel - voic - es tell,

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,—

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The Lord came down to save me Be - cause He loved me so.

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

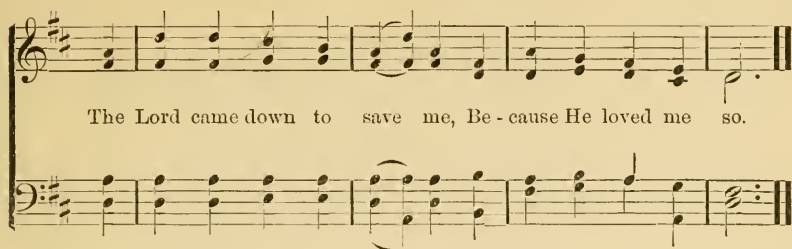
## CHORUS.

Be - cause He loved me so, . . . Be - cause He loved me so,—

The chorus section features a treble and bass staff in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



## Because He Loved Me So.—Concluded.



The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour  
 'Was once a child like me,  
 To show how pure and holy  
 His little ones may be;  
 And if I try to follow  
 His footsteps here below,  
 He never will forget me,  
 Because He loves me so.—*Cho.*

3 To sing His love and mercy  
 My sweetest song I'll raise;  
 And though I cannot see Him,  
 I know He hears my praise;  
 For He has kindly promised  
 That even I may go  
 To sing among His angels,  
 Because He loved me so.—*Cho.*

## The Beggar's Home.

'Twas Christmas Eve, and all the streets  
 Were thronged with passers to and fro;  
 And every one looked bright and glad,  
 Except a little beggar lad,  
 Who had no home where he could go.

He heard, with tear-drops on his cheeks,  
 The merry sound of children's glee;  
 And, drawing from the crowd apart,  
 A cloud of sorrow filled his heart,—  
 "They all have got a home but me!"

But when the tide of human life  
 Along the pavement ceased to sweep,  
 With naught to rest on but a stone,  
 Hungry and homeless—all alone,  
 The little outcast fell asleep.

The Christmas bells rang out their peals,  
 To show the Christmas dawn had come;  
 And while they hailed a Saviour's birth,  
 That Saviour Jesus stopped on earth,  
 And took the weary beggar home.

E. H. F.

## “Are you God’s Wife?”

Amid the city’s busy whirl,  
A poor, neglected little girl  
Dodged in and out, while passing through  
The crowd that thronged the avenue;  
Until at last she stood before  
The spacious window of a store,  
Which fairly groaned beneath the weight  
Of things too numerous to state—  
Cakes, pies and bread, and candy toys;  
Cats, dogs and roosters, girls and boys—  
So placed that they should tempt the eye  
Of every hungry passer-by.  
Upon this extra fine display,  
Made for the Christmas holiday,  
The famished little creature gazed  
Until her mind seemed fairly dazed,  
So vast and wondrous was the store  
Of things she saw to ponder o’er.  
Though cold and stormy was the night,  
The child seemed spell-bound by the sight;  
And while the bustling throng paused not,  
She lingered, loath to leave the spot;  
For well she knew, or thought at least,  
That her bright eyes alone could feast  
Upon the things before them placed,  
Not one of which she hoped to taste.  
While thus she lingered in the storm,  
A lady spied her shriveled form,  
And, touched with His own sympathy,  
Who gave Himself for you and me,  
She hastened through the open door,  
And purchasing a goodly store  
Of cakes, and nuts, and candy toys—  
The things that brighten Christmas joys—  
Withdrew, and in an instant stood  
Beside the child who needed food.  
“My dear, here are some things for you,—  
Cakes, nuts and toys, and candies, too;  
They are my gift on Christmas eve.  
And now, before I take my leave,  
A merry Christmas and good cheer  
I wish you; so good-bye, my dear.”  
Then quick the shawl which overspread  
The child’s wan face and hatless head  
Flew open, and two sparkling eyes,  
First glancing at the wondrous prize,  
Next met the lady’s kindly gaze,  
When, with an air of heavenly grace,  
The child revealed her better life  
By this appeal: “Are you God’s wife?”

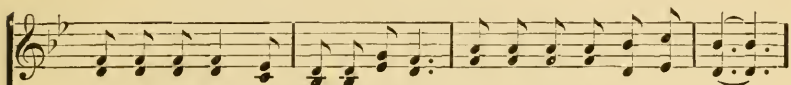
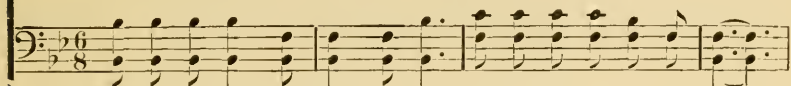
# No. 14.      Glory to Jesus my King.

S. V. R. F.

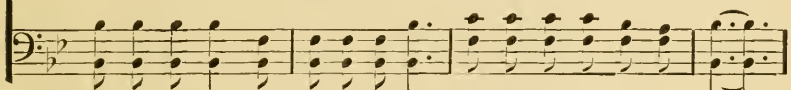
S. V. R. FORD.



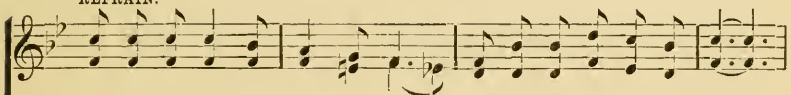
1. One of the "lit - tle ones" I am, Whom the dear Saviour has blessed;



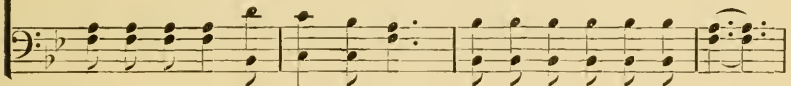
He is my Shepherd, I am His lamb, Safe in His bo-som I rest.



## REFRAIN.



Now to the Sav-iour I be-long! Glo-ry to Je-sus my King!



He hath redeemed me, this is my song, Glo-ry to Je-sus my King!



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2 I shall not want, for they are fed.

Who in the Shepherd confide;

Into green pastures I shall be led,

And by the still water's side.—*Ref.*

3 From the safe paths of righteousness

I shall not wander nor roam;

Jesus will guide my feet while I press

Onward toward heaven my home.—*Ref.*

# The Apostle's Creed in Rhyme.

## I Believe

In God the Father, the Almighty One,  
Maker of heaven and earth, and in His Son,  
Only begotten, Jesus Christ our Lord,  
Who was conceived, according to His word,  
By Holy Ghost, and incarnate became,  
Born of the Virgin Mary—blessed name!  
By Pontius Pilate scourged and crucified,  
On Calvary's cross He suffered, bled and died,  
And was entombed in the new sepulcher  
Of Joseph His good friend, the counselor,  
And into hades did descend, to stay  
Until the early morn of the third day;  
Then from the dead in triumph He arose,  
And into heaven ascended, for His foes  
To intercede, at the right hand of God  
The Father, pleading His own precious blood,  
Which was for man's redemption freely shed;  
Thence He shall come to judge the quick and dead.  
And in the Holy Ghost declared to be  
Third person in the blessed Trinity;  
And in the holy catholic Church of God,  
Redeemed from sin by Christ's atoning blood;  
In the communion of the saints, and in  
The full forgiveness of repented sin;  
And in the resurrection from the ground  
Of this vile body, when the trump shall sound;  
In everlasting life restored again—  
All this I steadfastly believe. Amen.

## Of Such.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" Whispered low were the words I love best By a child who was nearing the portals That lead to the mansions of rest.  I tho't her mind weary and wandering— That she knew not perchance what she said; And when she had finished the sentence, She drew one deep sigh and was dead!  Indeed, her last word seemed the echo Of a whisper—so faint had it grown— And I ween that 'twas uttered in heaven, And wafted to earth from the throne.	She had learned the sweet words of the Master And no longer I doubt that she knew What she said; "for the excellent glory" Was revealing itself to her view. . . . If He who so loved little children Had left them no message but this, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," Their love would be blended with His.  How sweet is the thought that He gathers The lambs with His arm; while His love For some is so great, that He takes them To His bosom and bears them above.
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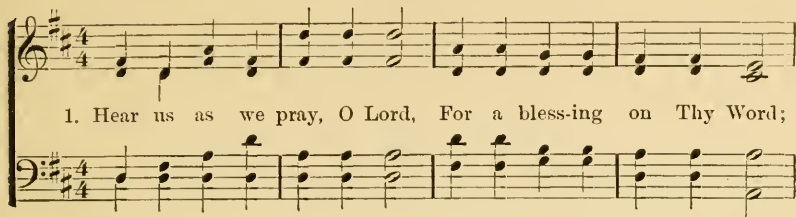
## No. 15.

## Hear us, O Lord.

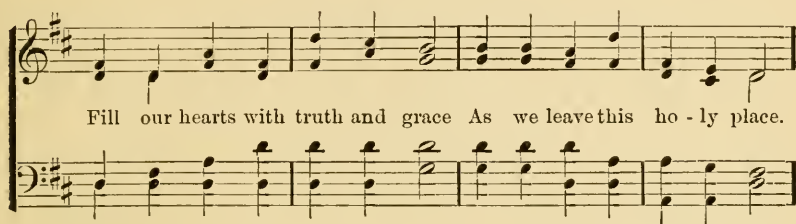
S. V. R. F.

(CLOSING HYMN.)

S. V. R. FORD.

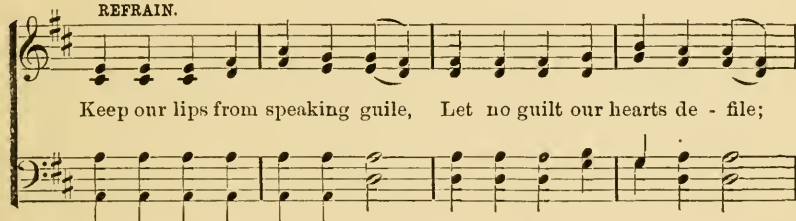


1. Hear us as we pray, O Lord, For a blessing on Thy Word;

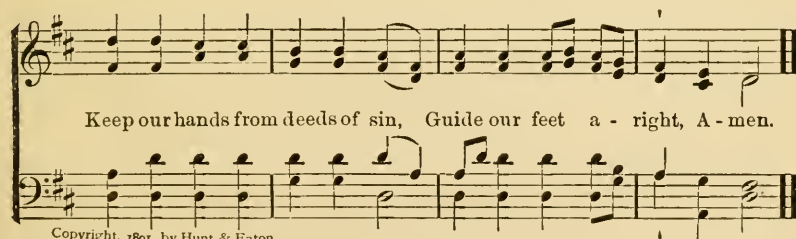


Fill our hearts with truth and grace As we leave this ho - ly place.

## REFRAIN.



Keep our lips from speaking guile, Let no guilt our hearts de - file;



Keep our hands from deeds of sin, Guide our feet a - right, A - men.

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- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Guide us safely day by day<br/>Through the week, we humbly pray;<br/>Let bright angels nightly keep<br/>Vigil o'er us while we sleep.—<i>Ref.</i></p> | <p>3 Kindly give us daily bread;<br/>From Thy hand we must be fed.<br/>All our needs in love supply,<br/>Lest we suffer, faint and die.—<i>Ref.</i></p> |
|--|---|

- 4 Should we never meet again  
In this place of worship, then  
May we meet in heaven above,  
Saved through Jesus' dying love.—*Ref.*

# My Work.

## MOTION RECITATION.

(FOR SIX SMALL CHILDREN.)

*First Scholar.*

My tongue was made to tell  
That Jesus ransomed me  
From sin and guilt, that I might dwell  
With Him eternally.

*Second Scholar.*

My heart was made to trust  
In Jesus Christ my Lord;  
And, if I would be saved, I must  
Believe His every word.

*Third Scholar.*

Mine eyes were made to see  
God's mercy, love and grace  
In daily granting unto me  
The smile of His face.

*Fourth Scholar.*

My feet were made to run  
On errands for the Lord;  
The smallest act that I have done  
For Him He will reward.

*Fifth Scholar.*

My hands were made to do  
The will of God alone;  
If all my deeds are good and true  
He will the service own.

*Sixth Scholar.*

Mine ears were made to hear  
The voice of Jesus say:  
Avoid the path of danger near,  
And walk in wisdom's way.

## Spring-Time.

"'Tis the spring of souls to-day:  
Christ hath burst His prison;  
And from three days' sleep in death,  
As the sun hath risen.  
All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From His light, to whom we give  
Laud and praise undying."

From the Greek of ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS.



## No. 16.

## He is Risen.

C. WESLEY.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Sons of men and an - gels say, Hal - le - lu - jah!

REFRAIN.

Lift the gates of Pa - ra - dise; Ope the por - tals of the skies;

Christ hath ris'n and we shall rise; Hal - le - lu - jah!

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2 Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Hallelujah!  
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth reply,  
Hallelujah!—*Ref.*

3 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Hallelujah!  
Fought the fight, the victory won,  
Hallelujah!—*Ref.*

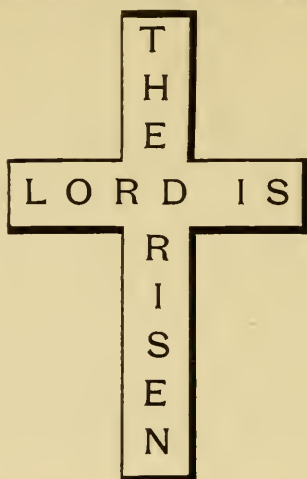
4 Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Hallelujah!  
Darkness veils the earth no more,  
Hallelujah!—*Ref.*

# The Lord is Risen.

CLASS EXERCISE.

S. V. R. FORD.

(RENDERED BY FOURTEEN SCHOLARS).



**T**HE Lord is risen indeed. Luke 24. 34.

**H**OW are the dead raised? 1 Cor. 15. 35.

**E**VERY man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. 1 Cor. 15. 23.

**L**O, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Matt. 28. 20.

**O**UGHT not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? Luke 24. 26.

**R**EACH hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing. John 20. 27.

**D**ID not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures? Luke 24. 32.

**I**F we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. 1 Thess. 4. 14.

**S**O when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. 1 Cor. 15. 54.

**R**EMEMBER how he spake unto you when he was in Galilee, saying, the Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men and be crucified and the third day rise again. Luke 24. 67.

**I**AM the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. John 11. 25-26.

**S**O also is the resurrection of the dead. 1 Cor. 15. 42.

**E**XCEPT a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone. John 12. 24.

**N**OW is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. 1 Cor. 15. 20.



# No. 17. Who Came Down from Heaven?

RECITATION AND SINGING (for Primary Classes).

RECITATION (BY A LITTLE CHILD).

OUR GREETING.

On this glad day, while far and near the Easter bells are ringing,  
With joyful hearts we gather here, our Easter offerings bringing;  
We come to sing a Saviour's love—to tell the wondrous story  
That Christ is risen and reigns above, the Lord of life and glory.

1st Voice.

2d Voice.

S. V. R. FORD.

Who came down from heav'n a-bove? Je - sus Christ, our bless - ed Lord.

*Inst.*

1st Voice.

2d Voice.

Who was God's best gift of love? Je - sus Christ, our bless - ed Lord.

*All.*—SEMI-CHORUS.

Christ was born at Beth - le - hem; Wise men, liv - ing far a - way,

Saw His Star, which guid-ed them To the man - ger where He lay.

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1st Voice. Who was scourged and crucified?

2d Voice. Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.

1st Voice. Who for guilty sinners died?

2d Voice. Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.

*All.* Christ atoned for all our guilt

On the cross of Calvary;

There His precious blood was spilt:

There He died to make us free.

1st Voice. Who in Joseph's tomb had lain?

2d Voice. Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.

1st Voice. Who in triumph rose again?

2d Voice. Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.

*All.* In the tomb the Saviour lay

While the angel watched the door,

Till the morn of the third day,

When He rose to die no more.

1st Voice. Who ascended into heaven?

2d Voice. Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.

1st Voice. Who eternal life has given?

2d Voice. Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord.

*All.* Christ is fitting up our home

In His Father's house on high;

If we love Him, He will come

And transport us to the sky.

## No. 18.

## Golden Harps.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel voic - es ring,

Pearl - y gates are o - pened, O - pened for the King.

Christ the King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love,

Is gone up in tri - umph To his home a - bove.

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2 He who came to save us,  
 He who bled and died,  
 Now is crowned with glory  
 At His Father's side;  
 Never more to suffer,  
 Never more to die;  
 Jesus, King of glory,  
 Is gone up on high.

3 Praying for His children  
 In that blessed place,  
 Calling them to glory,  
 Sending them His grace;  
 His bright home preparing,  
 Little ones for you;  
 Jesus ever liveth,  
 Ever loveth too.

## The Golden Rule.

To do to others as I would  
That they should do to me,  
Will make me honest, kind and good,  
As children ought to be.

Whether I am at home or school,  
Or walking out abroad,  
I never should forget this rule  
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

## No. 19.

## Our Angels.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

*1st Voice.*

Do you think that ho - ly an - gels Guard our footsteps day by day?

*2d Voice.*

Yes, for they are sent from heaven, To at - tend us on our way.

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- 1st Voice.* Do they fly away to glory,  
When we close our eyes in sleep?
- 2d Voice.* No, they linger close beside us,  
And their faithful vigils keep.
- 1st Voice.* If they're near us in our slumbers,  
Do you think they know our dreams?
- 2d Voice.* No, but then the Lord may tell them,  
For He knows them all, it seems.
- 1st Voice.* What if we should wake at midnight,  
Would we see them hov'ring near?
- 2d Voice.* No, our eyes could not behold them,  
When in glory they appear.
- 1st Voice.* When we die and go to heaven,  
Shall we see them robed in white?
- 2d Voice.* Yes, for round the throne in glory  
Saints and angels all unite.

## No. 20.

## Jesus, Hear Me.

S. V. R. F.

(OPENING HYMN.)

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Je - sus, lov - ing Sav - iour, hear me, Hear me while I pray;

Ho - ly Spir - it, be Thou near me, Teach me what to say.

## REFRAIN.

While I lift my hands to Thee, While in pray'r I bow the knee;

List - en to my earn - est plea—Hear me up in heav'n.

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2 Holy angels have stood o'er me,  
Watching night and day;  
Thou in love hast gone before me,  
Guarding all my way.—*Ref.*

3 Daily blessings Thou hast given,  
Blessings from above;  
Friends on earth and friends in heaven  
Cheer me with their love.—*Ref.*

4 All my sins I come confessing,  
Full repentance make;  
Grant me pardon, peace and blessing,  
All for Jesus' sake.—*Ref.*

NOTE.—During the singing of the refrain after the closing stanza, the children kneel, and, in this attitude, with uplifted hands, sing or recite the Lord's Prayer.

## No. 21.

## The Lord's Prayer.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, we hal - low Thy name,

May Thy king - dom ho - ly, on earth be the same;

O give to us dai - ly our por - tion of bread;

It is from Thy boun - ty that all must be fed.

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2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know,  
 That humble compassion which pardons each foe;  
 Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,  
 And Thine be the glory forever. Amen.

## No. 22.

## Give Glory.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live;

Chil-dren's pray'rs He deigus to hear, Children's songs de-light His ear.

## REFRAIN.

Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

Glo - ry to the bless - ed Three in One.

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- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Glory to the Saviour bring,<br/>Christ our Prophet, Priest and King;<br/>Children, raise your sweetest strain,<br/>To the Lamb, for He was slain. <i>Ref.</i></p> | <p>3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,<br/>He reclaims the sinner lost;<br/>Children's minds may He inspire,<br/>Touch their tongues with holy fire. <i>Ref.</i></p> |
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- 4 Glory in the highest be,  
To the blessed Trinity;  
For the Gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love." *Ref.*



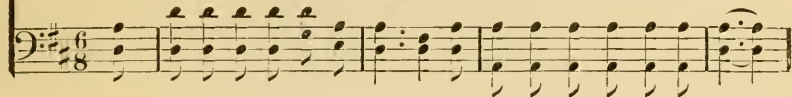
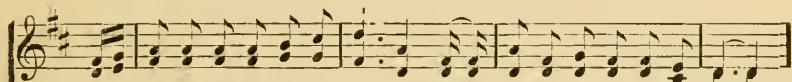
# No. 23. I Wonder if Children in Glory.

S. V. R. F.


S. V. R. FORD.




1. I wonder if children in glory Still sing the sweet songs they learn'd here;


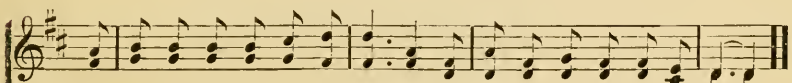
Or do they for-get the old story When round the bright throne they appear?



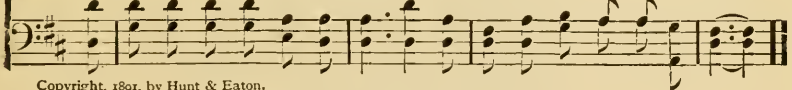
REFRAIN.



Ho-san-na! ho-san-na to Je-sus! The children for-ev-er will sing;

Ho-san-na to Him who redeem'd us! Ho-san-na to Je-sus our King!



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- 2 Forget the sweet songs of redemption,  
Whose melodies ravish the soul!  
Forget the "old story"! no, never!  
While the years of eternity roll!—*Ref.*
- 3 One song they will learn up in heaven  
That only the white robed can sing—  
The "new song" ascribing all glory  
Forever to Jesus our King!—*Ref.*



# No. 24.

# Child's Evening Prayer.

(RECITATION AND SONG.)

*Recitation.* One night I surely thought I heard  
 An angel singing low,  
 A song I often sing myself,  
 The sweetest one I know.  
 I listened at the window pane,  
 And caught each precious word,  
 I could not see the one who sang,  
 But this is what I heard:—

(JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.)

MARY L. DUNCAN.

(SOLO.)

JOHN WYETH, 1823.

*Very slow.*



*Rec.* And then I thought it could not be  
 An angel, since the Lord  
 Calls little children His own lambs,  
 In His most holy word.  
 And while I listened for the voice,  
 This sweet and fervent prayer  
 Was gently wafted, as before,  
 Out on the evening air:

2 *All this day Thy hand has led me,  
 And I thank Thee for Thy care:  
 Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,  
 Listen to my evening prayer.*

*Rec.* And then I knew it was a child  
 Whose voice had charmed my ear;  
 But while the angels did not sing,  
 I knew they hovered near.  
 And Christ himself was there to grant  
 The little child's request;  
 And then she sang this verse and fell  
 Asleep on Jesus' breast:

3 *Let my sins be all forgiven;  
 Bless the friends I love so well;  
 Take us all at last to heaven,  
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.*

NOTE—Select two girls, one of whom renders the recitation, the other the song. The singer should be concealed from the view of the audience. The hymn should be sung very slowly and with marked expression.

# Jesus.

## MOTTO EXERCISE.

(FOR FIVE SCHOLARS.)

**J** I bring the letter which begins  
The sweetest name on earth—  
The name an angel gave to One  
Before His wondrous birth.

**E** The second letter, in that name  
'Tis mine with joy to bring;  
I love Him who is sometimes called  
Our "Prophet, Priest and King."

**S** The middle letter and the third  
In that most precious name,  
I bring: and He whom I love best  
The "Prince of Peace" became.

**U** Fourth in the favored list is mine,  
It helps the name to spell  
Of Him who once in holy writ  
Is called "Immanuel."

**S** The letter which I bring completes  
His name whom we adore,  
"Jesus the name high over all,"  
God, blessed evermore!

NOTE.—Cards bearing the name of JESUS should be presented with the blank side to the audience and reversed, one by one, by the scholars at the conclusion of their respective recitations.

## Hush, Little One.

Hush, little one, and fold your hands—  
The sun hath set, the moon is high;  
The sea is singing to the sands,  
And wakeful posies are beguiled  
By many a fairy lullaby—  
Hush, little child! hush, little child!

Dream, little one, and in your dreams  
Float upward from the lowly place—  
Float out on mellow misty streams  
To lands where bideth Mary mild,  
And let her kiss thy little face;  
You little child, my little child!

Sleep, little one, and take thy rest,  
With angels bending over thee;  
Sleep sweetly on that Father's breast  
Whom our dear Christ hath reconciled;  
But stay not there—come back to me,  
Oh, little child—my little child.

EUGENE FIELD.

## Did You ever see Our Baby?

Did you ever see our baby?

Little Tot;

With her eyes so sparkling bright,

And her skin so lily white,

Lips and cheeks of rosy light—

Tell you what,

She is just the sweetest baby

In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling,

And to me,

All her little ways are witty;

And when she sings her little ditty,

Every word is just as pretty

As can be—

Not another in the city

Sweet as she.

You don't think so—never saw her;

Wish you could

See her with playthings clattering,

Hear her little tongue a chattering—

Little dancing feet come pattering—

Think you would

Love her just as well as I do—

If you could!

Every grandma's only darling,

I suppose,

Is as sweet and bright a blossom,

Is a treasure to her bosom,

Is as cheering and endearing

As my rose—

Heavenly Father, spare them to us

Till life's close.

Mrs. F. D. GAGE.

## Another Baby.

When the wild winter winds did blow,

The bitter winds of January,

That swept with sparkling swirls of snow

The wastes of western prairie,

A little child came to my arms

To bring me joy—or sorrow, may be,

And so beset my vague alarms

I sighed—"Another baby!"

Another little waif to tend,

Another little, helpless stranger,

To lead, to feed, to fold, to fend,

From every wrong and danger.

To make one anxious, make one sad,

And fearful for each morrow, may be,

With heart half-sorrowful, half-glad,

I moaned—"Another baby!"

And then I thought how near, how dear,

The little children God has sent us;

How full they made our home of cheer,

And how their presence did content

Hard if but one were laid away [us—

This year or next, as might or may be,

Our hearts would ache, would burn, would

And now—another baby! [break,

Ah, so I thought, and so I said,

In ecstasy of peace and pleasure,

As bending down I kissed the head

Of my last, weest, and weakest treasure:

"O, dear child of my life and love,

Whate'er you are, whate'er you may be,

I take you from the Christ above,

And thank Him for—another baby!"

KATE M. CLEARY.

## Christ and Little Children.

There is no sweeter story told

In all the blessed Book,

Than how the Lord, within His arms,

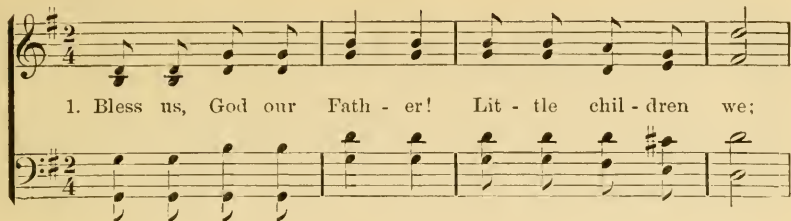
The little children took.

Selected.

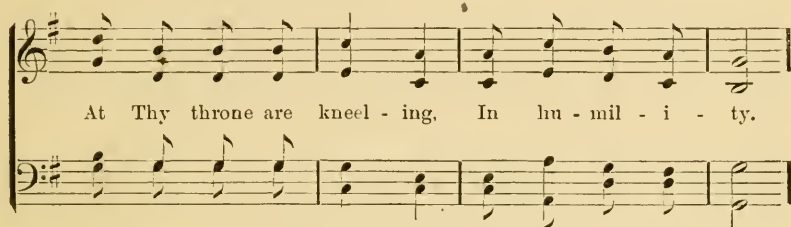
# No. 25. God the Father, Bless Us.

Unknown.

S. V. R. FORD.

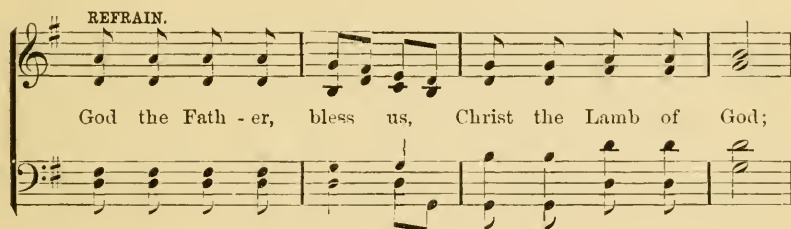


1. Bless us, God our Fath - er! Lit - tle chil - dren we;

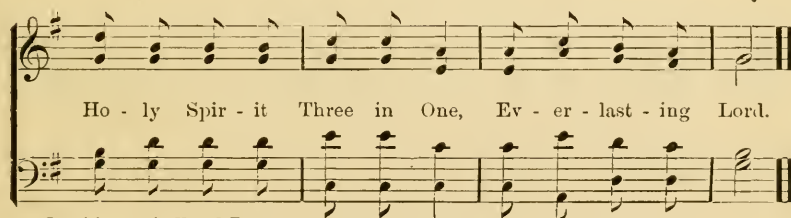


At Thy throne are kneel - ing, In hu - mil - i - ty.

REFRAIN.



God the Fath - er, bless us, Christ the Lamb of God;



Ho - ly Spir - it Three in One, Ev - er - last - ing Lord.

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2 Bless us, God our Saviour!  
Little children we,  
To Thy cross are clinging  
In humility.—*Ref.*

3 Bless us, Holy Spirit!  
Little children we,  
Ask Thy grace to teach us  
In humility.—*Ref.*

4 Make us holy children,  
Fill us with Thy love;  
And at last receive us  
In Thy heaven above.—*Ref.*

# No. 26.

# Trusting in the Lord.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Joy and glad - ness I have found, Trusting in the Lord;

With His peace my life is crowned, Trusting in the Lord.

Trust - ing in the Lord, Trust - ing in the Lord;

Joy and glad - ness I have found, Trust-ing in the Lord.

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2 I am kept in perfect peace,  
Trusting in the Lord;  
All my fears and troubles cease,  
Trusting in the Lord.  
Trusting in the Lord,  
Trusting in the Lord;  
I am kept in perfect peace,  
Trusting in the Lord.

3 Jesus gives me sweetest rest,  
Trusting in the Lord;  
While I lean on His dear breast,  
Trusting in the Lord.  
Trusting in the Lord,  
Trusting in the Lord;  
Jesus gives me sweetest rest,  
Trusting in the Lord.

## Address of Welcome.

DEAR PASTOR:

I belong to a large class of very small people. The Infant Class connected with our Sunday School numbers upward of \*one hundred little children, and they have chosen me to welcome you in their behalf as their pastor. We love the church; we love the Sunday School; we love our teachers; but, above all, we love our blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose servant you are. He has gone to heaven where He reigns the King of Glory; but He has sent you to take His place as our Shepherd and Guide. We are glad you have come among us, and we are sure that you will receive no warmer welcome than we give you. We shall be glad to see you in our Infant Class, and to listen to your words. With these simple words of greeting we beg to present you with a bouquet of bright and pretty flowers as a token of our love for you and an emblem of our purity and innocence.

\* May be changed to represent the number in any school.

### Flowers and Birds.

There seems a voice in every gale,  
A tongue in every flower,  
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale  
Of Thy almighty power;  
The birds that rise on quivering wing,  
Proclaim their Maker's praise,  
And all the mingling sounds of spring  
To Thee an anthem raise.

Shall I be mute, great God, alone  
'Midst nature's loud acclaim?  
Shall not my heart, with answ'ring tone,  
Breathe forth Thy holy name?  
All nature's debt is small to mine;  
Nature shall cease to be:  
Thou gavest—proof of love divine—  
Immortal life to me.

Mrs. AMELIA OPIE.

### The Daisy.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove a God is here;  
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,  
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He that arched the skies  
And pours the dayspring's living flood,  
Who works and dwells in mysteries,  
Could rear the daisy's purple bud,

Mold its green cup, its wiry stem,  
Its fringed border nicely spin,  
And cut the gold-embossed gem  
That, set in silver, gleams within,

And fling it, unrestrained and free,  
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,  
That man, where'er he walks, may see  
In every step the stamp of God?

Selected.



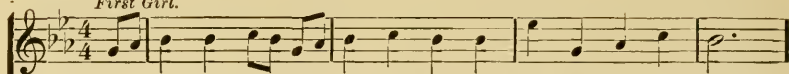
## No. 27.

## What I Love.

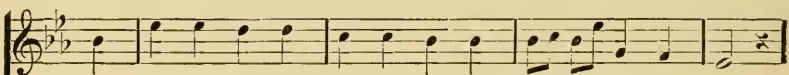
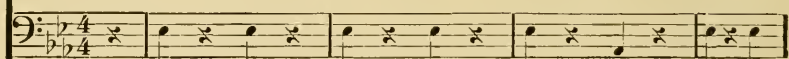
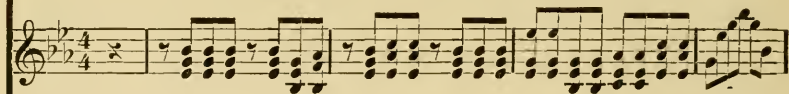
S. V. R. F.

(SOLO AND CHORUS. For Four Girls.)

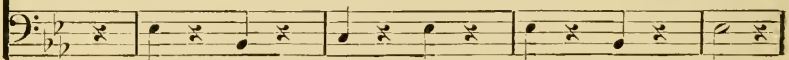
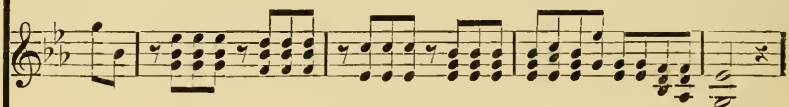
S. V. R. FORD.

*First Girl.*

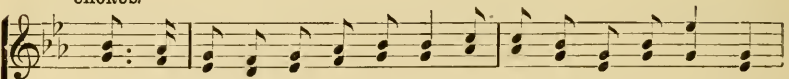
1. I love the flow'rs, the pretty flow'rs, Whose fragrance fills the air;



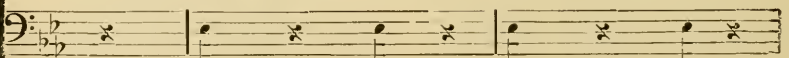
I'm glad our lov - ing Fa-ther makes Them blossom ev - ery - where.



CHORUS.



O the pret-ty lit - tle flowers That make the world so bright; They





## What I Love.—Concluded.

fill my heart with gladness all the day; They are si - lent, but in

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two flats, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats, containing a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two flats, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords.

whispers Like voic-es of the night, They speak to me of heaven far a - way.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats, containing a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two flats, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats, containing a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two flats, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords.

*Second Girl.* 2 I love the charming little birds  
That warble in the bowers;  
Sometimes I think they're quite as sweet  
And pretty as the flow'rs.—*Cho.*

*Third Girl.* 3 I love the stars that chase away  
The darkness of the night;  
Sometimes I call them angels' eyes,  
Because they are so bright.—*Cho.*

*Fourth Girl.* 4 I love the sunbeams, for they paint  
Bright spots upon the floor;  
I used to try to pick them up,  
But then I knew no more.—*Cho.*

## No. 28.

## Flower Song.

S. V. R. F.

(CHILDREN'S DAY. For Four Girls.\*)

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Day of re-joicing, let fes-tal bells ring; La - den with flowers, glad

greet-ing we bring; Gems of our choice, tho' we love all the rest,

REFRAIN.

Come we to sing of the flow'rs we love best. O the sweet flowers, fit

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\* The four girls sing the first verse, omitting the refrain, after which each girl sings the verse describing her flower, all joining in the refrain. Each singer should hold a cluster of the flower of her choice in full view of the audience while singing her stanza. During the singing of the Refrain the four clusters should be held up to view.

## Flower Song.—Concluded.

emblems of heav'n, To-kens the fair-est that E-den has giv'n; Crowning all

landscapes with grace from a-bove, Telling how wide is the realm of God's love.

*Interlude.*

*First Girl.* I love the lilies, in splendor arrayed;  
No royal robe e'er such glory displayed.  
He, who the grandeur of heaven had seen,  
Spake of their beauty, and loved them, I ween.—*Ref.*

*Second Girl.* I love the roses, so fragrant and bright;  
Lending their colors to gladden the sight;  
Linked is their name to the Godhead—how meet!  
Blest Rose of Sharon—what title so sweet!—*Ref.*

*Third Girl.* I love the pansies, their velvety sheen  
Fits them to garnish the robe of a queen;  
Nestling low down on the face of the sward,  
Yet they are never unseen by the Lord.—*Ref.*

*Fourth Girl.* I love the daisies, and God loves them, too;  
Broadcast He strews them, to brighten the view;  
Symbols in form of the sun far away—  
What name so pretty as Eye of the Day!—*Ref.*

## "What Shall I Do?"

(FOR SIX LITTLE GIRLS.)

### A DROP OF RAIN.

*First Scholar.* "What shall I do?" said a drop of rain,  
As it fell from a cloud on high.  
"So little a thing, it is all in vain  
That I left my home in the sky."  
But it lodged in the breast of a fainting flower,  
And washed its dust away,  
And forth on the air of the morning hour,  
The fragrance loved to stray.

### A TINY BIRD.

*Second Scholar.* "What shall I do?" said a tiny bird,  
As it paused upon the wing,  
And its parent's happy voice it heard,  
Caroling to the spring.  
"My wing is weak, and my voice is low,  
But I'll sing a merry strain."  
A sick one heard, and her aching brow  
Forgot to feel its pain.

### A WILDWOOD VINE.

*Third Scholar.* "What shall I do?" said a wildwood vine,  
Bending 'neath clusters bright;  
"Treasures of purple fruit are mine,  
But no one to see their light."  
A troop of tired children came,  
To rest beneath its shade,  
And a sweet repast from its pleasant fruit,  
The little rovers made.

### A MOONBEAM PALE.

*Fourth Scholar.* "What shall I do?" said a moonbeam pale,  
That had lost its haunt below,  
And lighting a dark and tangled path,  
Knew never a way to go.  
It glittered so bright that an aged man  
Perceived another gleaming,  
And went straight on where the household lamp  
From his own dear home was streaming.

### A LITTLE GIRL.

*Fifth Scholar.* "And what shall I do?" said a little girl,  
"For I'm so very small,  
That I've nothing to give, and naught to do;  
I wish I were only tall.  
But I'll stop and tell my little friend  
How pleasant our teachers smile,  
And I know her mother will let her try  
Our infant school awhile."

### THE PLAYMATE WEE.

*Sixth Scholar.* So the little feet flew on their errand new,  
To the home of the playmate wee,  
And the lisping prattle told so well  
That her friend came—just to see  
How many little darling girls  
Will lead to the Sabbath home  
Some tiny child, from the world's broad wild,  
No more uncheered to roam.

Selected

# No. 29. The Children's Jubilee.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. On this glad ju - bi - lee, Let all the chil-dren raise 'Their

hearts and voic - es up to Thee, O, Lord, in songs of praise.

## REFRAIN.

Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Let all the chil - dren sing—

The glo - ries of Im - man - u - el, Ho - san - na to our King!

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2 Jesus, who sits enthroned  
In majesty on high,  
The Christ who all our guilt atoned,  
We laud and magnify.—*Ref.*

3 To God, whose watchful care  
Protects us day by day,  
Whose angels guard us everywhere,  
We grateful homage pay.—*Ref.*

4 We join the heavenly host,  
Ascribing unto Thee,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
All might and majesty.—*Ref.*

## Nellie's Gift.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

Did you ever want anything awful bad, and then have it come? Then you know how I felt when the package came from my Auntie in New York, and I opened it and found a pair of real silk mitts. Jack said they were just "splendor-if-ic," and Jack's my brother, and he knows. I had wanted some for ever so long, but I didn't say much about it, 'cause when you live in a little cuddled-up home, and your papa has to buy bread and shoes for so many, the money all flies away before it gets around to what little girls want.

I don't know how Auntie found it out unless Santa Claus told her, and it wasn't near Christmas time, either. They were such pretty brown mitts. Tilly Jones said they were just the color of my hands, but I didn't care for that. Little hands will get brown when they weed the garden and do so many things. I looked at them 'most a hundred times in two days, I guess, and then it came Sunday. Wasn't I glad! I put them on and walked to church, just so. Jack said I hold my paws like a scared rabbit, but I didn't ever see a scared rabbit with mitts on. It isn't right to think too much about what you wear when you go to Sunday School, and by and by I didn't, for we had such a good Sunday School I forgot everything else.

A missionary man told all the folks about some poor little children away off; how the fire had burned down their school-house, and they hadn't any nice homes or clothes, or anything, but they were trying so hard to get along and to learn, and he said what was given to these little ones was just the same as giving to Jesus. Think of that! Just the same as giving to the dear Christ child! I just supposed every one would give. Why, some of the folks are worth as much as ten dollars, or a hundred, and yet that basket stayed 'most empty! I did wish I was rich, and all at once I remembered the poor widow in the Bible. I'd read that very morning how she had given her two mitts; every living mitt she had; it said so. I slipped mine off and dropped them into the basket, and I was glad, if my throat did choke all up. But pretty soon, when that basket was carried up, the gentleman picked them right out. "Has any little girl lost her gloves?" Nobody said anything, and he asked again, "Did any little girl drop her gloves in the basket by mistake?" It was awful still in that room, and I thought he was looking right at me, so I had to say something. "It wasn't a mistake," I told him, "I wanted to help and hadn't any money, but I knew how that poor woman in the Bible gave her two mitts, and so—" Then those folks just shouted, they did, and I felt as if I'd like to drop right down through the floor.

I knew I had made some dreadful blunder, but I couldn't see what; for if m-i-t-e-s don't spell mitts, what does it spell? 'Course I cried, but my teacher just put her arm right around me, and whispered, "Never mind, little Nellie," and she stood up and said, with her voice all trembling: "Dear friends, this little girl has given her greatest treasure. Have we older ones done as much?" Some way the money just poured into that basket after that, and the missionary looked gladder and gladder. They brought my mitts back to me, and my teacher said she would show me how to get some money to give. But, oh, how full that basket was! And when that gentleman counted it, his eyes grew all wet, and he said, softly (though I didn't know what he meant), "A little child shall lead them."

Selected.



## No. 30.

## I'm Singing as I Go.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. My heart o'er-flows with song, I love the Sav-iour so;

In Christ I trust, to Him be-long, I'm sing-ing as I go.

## REFRAIN.

Sing-ing, sing-ing, Sing-ing as I go; In

Christ I trust, to Him be-long, I'm sing-ing as I go.

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2 I'm but a pilgrim here,  
This world is not my home;  
In Christ I dwell, and feel no fear  
While o'er the earth I roam.—*Ref.*

3 No bird on joyful wing  
Is happier than I;  
In sweetest songs His praise I sing,  
Who rules the earth and sky.—*Ref.*

4 I sing of Jesus' love,  
For little ones like me—  
Of Him who came from heaven above,  
And died to make me free.—*Ref.*



# No. 31. I'm Happy all the Day.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. I'm hap - py all the day, For Je - sus is my friend; I

know He loves me, and will stay Be - side me to the end.

## REFRAIN.

I'm hap - py. I'm happy, with Je - sus in my soul; His presence drives my

sor - row all a - way (all a - way); I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, with

Je - sus in my soul; He fills my heart with gladness all the day.

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- 2 I'm happy when I wake,  
And see the morning light;  
I thank Him who, for Jesus' sake,  
Has kept me thro' the night.—*Ref.*
- 3 I'm happy when I lay  
Me down at night to sleep,

- And, trusting in His mercy, pray  
The Lord my soul to keep.—*Ref.*
- 4 I'm happy, for I fear  
No harm, since angel bands  
From heav'n above are always near  
To hold me in their hands.—*Ref.*

# Jesus Only.

## MOTTO EXERCISE.

(FOR NINE CHILDREN.)

**J**ESUS Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.  
—Heb. 13. 8.

**E**VERY one that asketh, receiveth.—Matt. 7. 8.

**S**EELK peace and pursue it.—Psa. 34. 14.

**U**NTO us a Son is given.—Isaiah 9. 6.

**S**EELK ye first the kingdom of God.—Matt. 6. 33.

**O**NE Lord, one faith, one baptism.—Eph. 4. 5.

**N**OW are we the sons of God.—John 3. 2.

**L**OOKING unto Jesus.—Heb. 12. 2.

**Y**IELD yourselves unto God.—Rom. 6. 13.

## Beautiful Thoughts on Children.

(BY SIX SCHOLARS.)

*First Scholar.*—Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—*Jesus.*

*Second Scholar.*—I love God and little children.—*Richter.*

*Third Scholar.*—Lo, children are the heritage of the Lord.—*Solomon.*

*Fourth Scholar.*—I love these little people, and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.—*Dickens.*

*Fifth Scholar.*—God speaks to children in dreams.—*De Quincey.*

*Sixth Scholar.*—I remember who they were that the Best and Kindest this world ever saw liked to have near Him, and what the reason was He gave why He felt most in His element when they were by His side. He wished to have little children round Him, and would not have them chidden away; and this because there was something about them that reminded Him of the place from which He came. He liked the little faces and the little voices, He to whom the wisest are in understanding as children. And oftentimes I believe these little ones still do His work. Oftentimes I believe when the worn man is led to Him in child-like confidence it is by the hand of a little child.—*A. K. H. Boyd.*

## My Little Baby Sister.

My little baby sister  
Is just the funniest pet!  
She'll be three years old to-morrow,  
But we call her "Baby" yet.  
She never is really naughty;  
But to-night she shook her head,  
Determined to romp and frolic,  
When I made her ready for bed.

But the violet eyes half opened  
When I laid her down to rest,  
And, as I stooped to kiss her,  
She murmured, in her nest:  
"I'll be the bestest baby,  
And go to heaven, I guess;  
But, when I has dot white wings on,  
How s'all I button my dress?"

LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

## No. 32.

## Invocation to Sleep.

Dr. J. G. HOLLAND.

(CRADLE SONG.)

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Hith - er, Sleep! a moth-er wants thee! Come with vel-vet arms!

Fold the ba - by that she grants thee To thine own soft charms!

CHORUS.

Close his eyes with gen-tle fin-gers! Cross his hands of snow!

*Dolce*

Words from BITTER SWEET, by per. of Chas. Scribner's Sons, owners of Copyright.

## Invocation to Sleep.—Concluded.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Tell the an-gels where he lin-gers, They must whis-per low!' and ends with a 'Rit' (ritardando) marking. The piano accompaniment features chords and arpeggiated figures. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with dynamic markings of *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo).

- 2 Bear him into dreamland lightly!  
Give him sight of flowers!  
Do not bring him back till brightly  
Break the morning hours!—*Cho.*
- 3 I will guard thy spell unbroken  
If thou hear my call;  
Come then, Sleep, I wait the token  
Of thy downy thrall.—*Cho.*
- 4 Now I see the sweet lips moving,  
He is in thy keep;  
Other milk the babe is proving  
At the breast of Sleep.—*Cho.*

## Keep Trying.

If boys should get discouraged  
At lessons or at work,  
And say, "There's no use trying,"  
And all hard tasks should shirk,  
And keep on shirking, shirking,  
Till the boy became a man,  
I wonder what the world would do  
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict  
Gives up at first defeat;  
If once repulsed, his courage  
Lies shattered at his feet.

The brave heart wins the battle  
Because, through thick and thin,  
He'll not give up as conquered,  
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened  
Because at first you fail,  
If you but keep on trying,  
At last you will prevail.

Be stubborn against failure.  
Try! Try! and try again.  
The boys who've kept on trying  
Have made the world's best men.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

## Motion Recitation.

(FOR THREE LITTLE CHILDREN.)

*First Scholar.* Beautiful eyes are those that show,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

*Second Scholar.* Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds.

*Third Scholar.* Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true,  
Moment by moment, the whole day through.  
Selected.

## Little Flo's Letter.

A sweet little baby brother  
Had come to live with Flo,  
And she wanted it brought to the table  
That it might eat and grow.  
"It must wait for awhile," said grandma,  
In answer to her plea,  
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth  
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandma?"  
Asked Flo, in great surprise.  
"O my, but isn't it funny?  
No teeth, but nose and eyes:  
I guess," after thinking gravely,  
"They must have been forgot.  
Can't we buy him some like grandpa's?  
I'd like to know why not."

That afternoon to the corner,  
With paper and pen and ink,  
Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me;  
If you do, it'll 'sturb my think.  
I'm writing a letter, grandma,  
To send away to-night,  
An' 'cause it's very 'portant,  
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,  
A wonderful thing to see,  
And directed to "God in Heaven.  
"Please read it over to me,"  
Said little Flo to grandma,  
"To see if it's right, you know."  
And here is the letter written  
To God by little Flo:

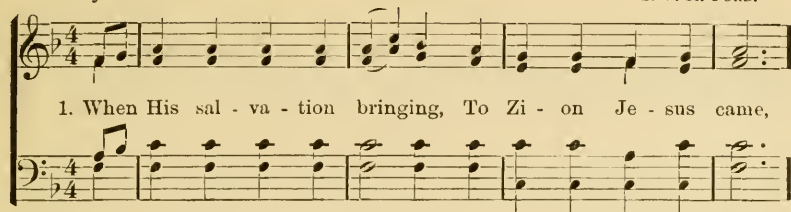
"Dear God, the baby you brought us,  
Its awful nice and sweet,  
But, 'cause you forgot his tooxies,  
The poor little thing can't eat.  
That's why I'm writing this letter,  
A purpose to let you know—  
Please come and finish the baby;  
That's all, from LITTLE FLO."

Selected.

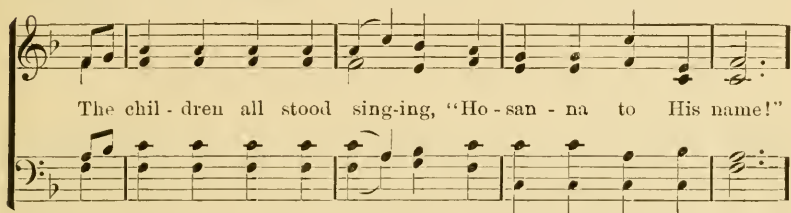
# No. 33. When His Salvation Bringing.

Rev. J. KING.

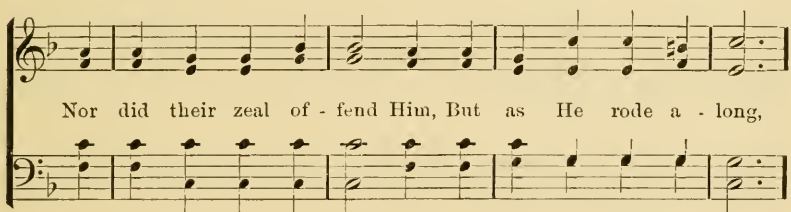
S. V. R. FORD.



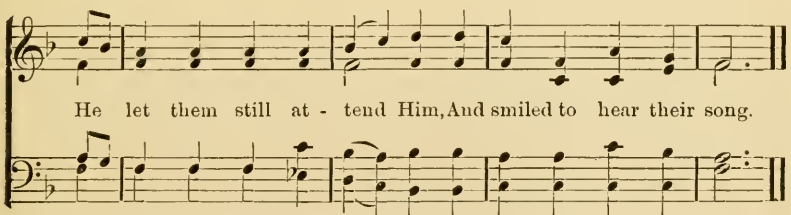
1. When His sal - va - tion bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,



The chil - dren all stood sing-ing, "Ho - san - na to His name!"



Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,



He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.

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2 And since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still—  
Though now as King He reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill;  
We'll flock around His banner  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And cry aloud, "Hosanna  
To David's royal Son!"

3 For, should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones our silence shaming,  
Might well "Hosanna!" raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No! while our hearts are tender,  
They, too, shall be the Lord's.



## No. 34.

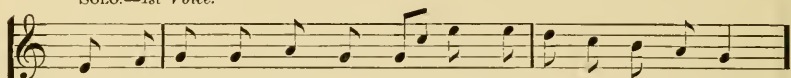
## Little Missionaries.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.



SOLO.—1st Voice.



1. How I wish that we could do Some-thing for the heathen, too:



2d Voice.



If we Try to save our pen-nies We can give the Lord a few.





## Little Missionaries.—Concluded.

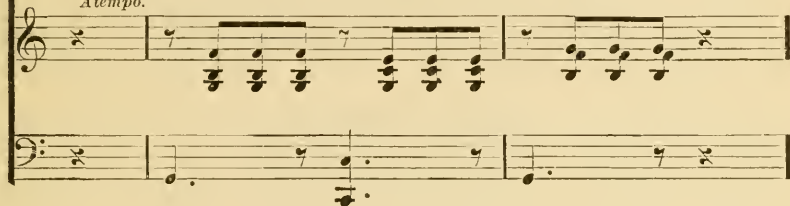
SOLO.—1st Voice.

2d Voice.

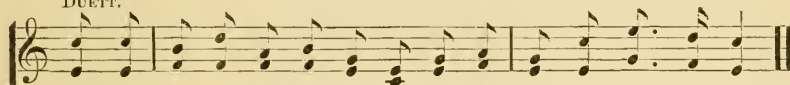


Do you think that He could use them? Yes, He nev - er would re-fuse them.

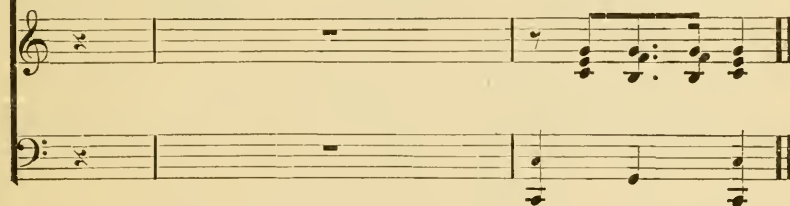
*A tempo.*



DUETT.



Then we'll try to save our pennies, This is all that we can do.



1st Voice. 2 What if you and I should pray  
For the heathen every day:

2d Voice. It would please the blessed Master  
On His throne so far away.

1st Voice. Do you think that He could hear us?

2d Voice. Yes, for He is always near us.

Both. Then we'll try to please the Master,  
While for heathen souls we pray,

1st Voice. 3 Christ may call us both to be  
Missionaries o'er the sea:

2d Voice. True, and though we're little children,  
We can sing "Salvation's free!"

1st Voice. Will the Saviour stand beside us?

2d Voice. Yes, and with His eye He'll guide us.

Both. Then, though we are little children,  
Missionaries we will be.

## Giving.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;  
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;  
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given—

Lavishly, cheerfully, joyfully give.  
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,  
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,  
Not the pale bud from the June roses blowing—  
Give! as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Selected.

## Little Offerings.

We bring the bright pennies,  
They're little, we know;  
But, love going with them,  
To dollars they'll grow;  
As much as this, surely,  
We children can see;  
If there were no pennies  
No dollars there'd be.

Selected.

## Pennies a Week and a Prayer.

Two cents a week, and a prayer,  
A tiny gift, may be,  
But it helps to do a wonderful work  
For our sisters across the sea.

Five cents a week, and a prayer,  
From our abundant store—  
It was never missed, for its place was filled  
By a Father's gift of more.

Ten cents a week, and a prayer,  
Perhaps 'twas a sacrifice;  
But treasure came from the storehouse above,  
Outweighing by far the price.

Pennies a week, and a prayer;  
'Twas the prayer, perhaps, after all,  
That the work has done and a blessing brought,  
The gift was so very small.

Pennies a week, and a prayer;  
Freely and heartily given;  
The treasures of earth will all melt away—  
This is treasure laid up in heaven.

Pennies a week, and a prayer,  
A tiny gift, may be,  
But it helps do such a wonderful work  
For our sisters across the sea.

Selected.

## No. 35.

## The Joyful Sound.

ISAAC WATTS.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Sal - va - tion! O, the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears,

A sov - 'reign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

CHORUS.

There's re - demp - tion full and free, In the Lamb for sinners slain;  
There's re - demption, re - demption

There is life for you and me, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.  
There is life, there is life

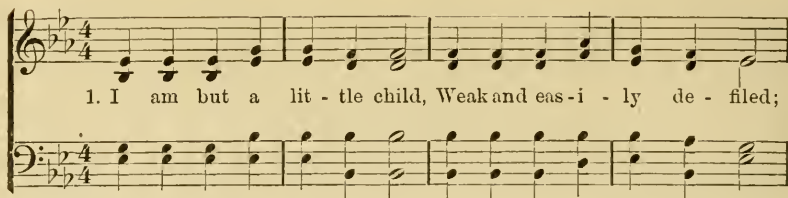
Copyright, 1890, by Hunt &amp; Eaton.

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.—*Cho.*
- 3 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb!  
To thee the praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.—*Cho.*

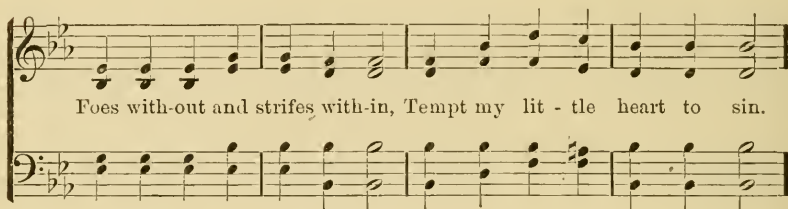
# No. 36. I am but a Little Child.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

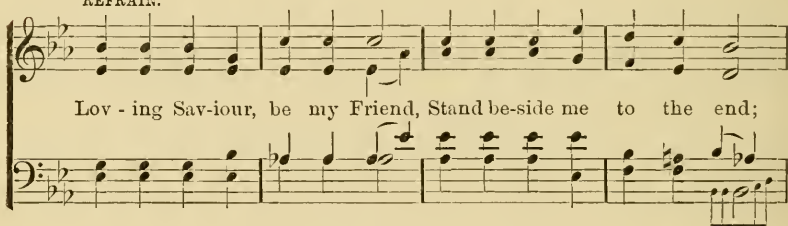


1. I am but a lit - tle child, Weak and eas - i - ly de - filed;

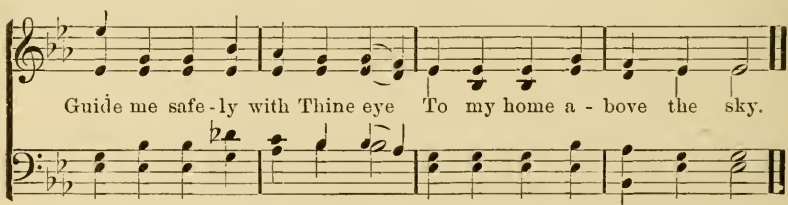


Foes with-out and strifes with-in, Tempt my lit - tle heart to sin.

## REFRAIN.



Lov - ing Sav-iour, be my Friend, Stand be-side me to the end;



Guide me safe - ly with Thine eye To my home a - bove the sky.

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- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Look in pity, Lord, on me,<br/>Let me trust alone in Thee;<br/>Let me on Thy bosom rest,<br/>Clasp me to Thy loving breast. <i>Ref.</i></p> <p>3 If, forgetting Thee, I stray<br/>Into sin's enticing way,<br/>Leave me not to perish there,<br/>In the tempter's cruel snare. <i>Ref.</i></p> | <p>4 When in danger I may be,<br/>Let me quickly fly to Thee;<br/>Trusting in Thy mighty arm,<br/>Naught my tender soul shall harm. <i>Ref.</i></p> <p>5 Daily as I older grow,<br/>More of Jesus may I know;<br/>Meekly learning at His feet<br/>Wisdom's lessons, pure and sweet. <i>Ref.</i></p> |
|---|---|

## A Penny.

"A penny I have—  
'Tis all my own!"

Little Charlotte exclaimed  
In a lively tone.

"I cannot do much  
With a penny, I fear;  
But I'll buy myself something  
To eat or to wear."

"A penny I have,"  
Little Mary said,  
And she thoughtfully raised  
Her hand to her head.

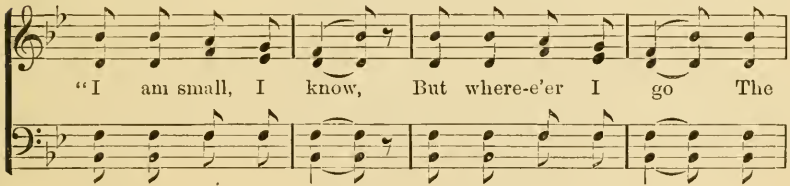
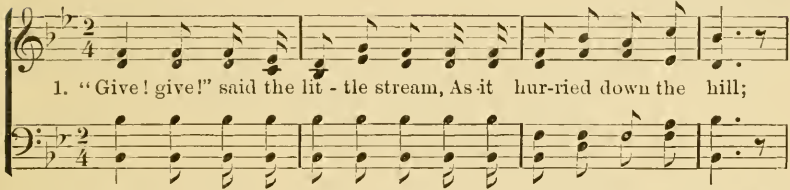
"Both missions and schools  
Want money, I know,  
But I fear that 'tis little  
A penny can do."

So Charlotte ran off,  
And some apples she bought;  
While Mary her mite  
To the mission-box brought;  
And which of them, think you,  
More cheerfully smiled,  
And which of the two  
Was the happier child?

Selected.

## No. 37. Give as God has Given.

S. V. R. FORD.



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2 "Give, give!" said the violet sweet,  
In its soft and spring-like voice;  
"From the cot and hall,  
They will hear my call,  
And all for me rejoice,  
And all for me rejoice."

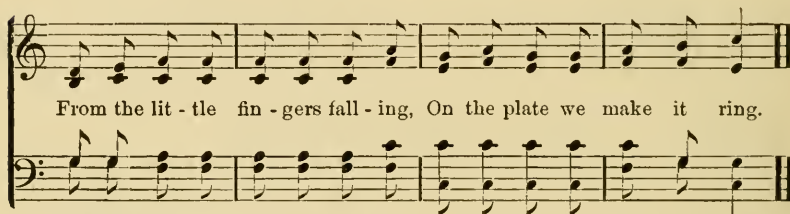
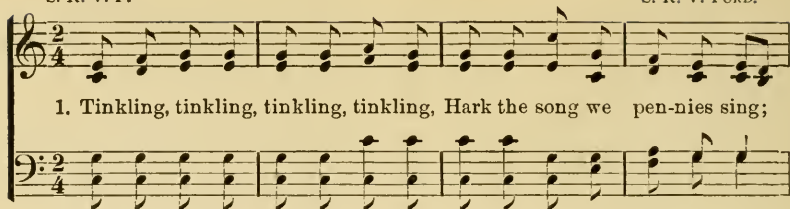
3 "Give, give!" say they all, "for we  
Have much received from heaven;  
And we fain would give—  
Yes, would only live,  
To give as God has given,  
To give as God has given."

# No. 38.

# Song of the Pennies.

S. R. V. F.

S. R. V. FORD.



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2 Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping,  
One by one as rain-drops fall;  
Still, one penny can accomplish  
Scarcely anything at all.

3 Falling, falling, falling, falling,  
Like the tiny flakes of snow;  
Yet the nickels, dimes and dollars,  
From the little pennies grow.

4 Gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring,  
Like the dew-drops of the night;  
When we're each to each united,  
What can stand before our might?

5 Would you like to hear the chorus  
Of the song the pennies sing?  
Drop a shining silver dollar  
On the plate and hear it ring!

NOTE.—Select two little children and let them sing the first four stanzas alternately as a Soprano Solo, both singing the closing stanza. Provide a ringing metal or glass plate, and let them drop a penny on it at every mention of the word forming the first line of the first four stanzas. Sing slowly, smoothly, and in exact time. The song is to be followed, of course, by the offertory.

## Our Baby.

We have a baby, a dear little sprite,  
One who is happy from morning till night;  
"Cherub" we call him, and "Darling" and "Pet;"  
Names are so scarce that he has none as yet.

Dear, blessed baby, the gift of God's love;  
Guileless and pure as the seraphs above;  
Light of the household, its treasure and charm—  
Angels protect thee from danger and harm.



## Our Baby.—Concluded.

Heaven dwells within him, so peaceful he seems;  
Sometimes he laughs right out loud when he dreams;  
Angels are then whispering tales in his ear—  
Stories that only a baby can hear.

He who took little ones up in His arms,  
Soothed all their sorrows and heighthened their charms,  
Still watches o'er them with Infinite care;  
Comes to the home when a babe enters there.

### No. 39.

### Child's Hymn.

M. A. E., abr.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. God's ways are al - ways best, How - e'er they come;

The first system of musical notation for 'Child's Hymn'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 2/4 time and B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1. God's ways are al - ways best, How - e'er they come;' are written below the treble staff.

Safe in His arms I rest, Nor wish to roam.

The second system of musical notation for 'Child's Hymn'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'Safe in His arms I rest, Nor wish to roam.' are written below the treble staff.

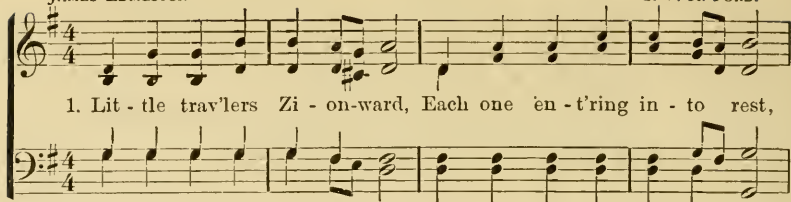
- 2 When in the morn I wake,  
Softly I pray;  
"Keep me, for Jesus' sake,  
From harm this day."
- 3 And when the wings of sleep  
Brood over night,  
His angels o'er me keep  
Watch till the light.
- 4 Where'er my pathway lies,  
He's with me still;  
Upward I lift my eyes  
Toward Zion's hill.
- 5 I trust when life shall end  
He'll take me home;  
And when He calls, I'll say:  
"Gladly I come."




# No. 40. Little Travelers Zionward.

JAMES EDMESTON

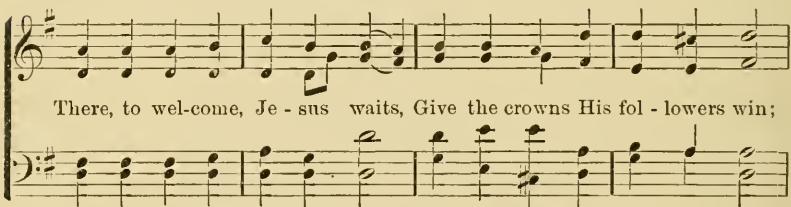
S. V. R. FORD.



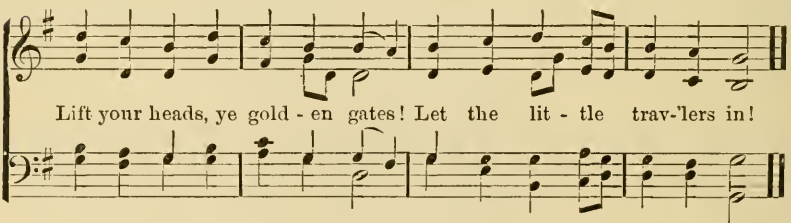
1. Lit - tle trav'lers Zi - on-ward, Each one en - t'ring in - to rest,



In the kingdom of your Lord, In the man - sions of the blest;



There, to wel-come, Je - sus waits, Give the crowns His fol - lowers win;



Lift your heads, ye gold - en gates! Let the lit - tle trav'lers in!

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2 Who are they whose little feet  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reached that heavenly seat,  
They had ever kept in view?  
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"  
"I from India's sultry plain;"  
"I from Afric's barren sand;"  
"I from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,  
Every tear and pain gone by,  
Here together met at last,  
At the portals of the sky!"  
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,  
Conquerors over death and sin!  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!  
Let the little trav'lers in!

## No. 41.

## Our Shepherd.

HUGH STOWELL.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Je - sus is our Shepherd, Wiping ev - ery tear; Folded in His

bo - som, What have we to fear? On - ly let us fol - low,

Whither He doth lead, To the thirs-ty des - ert, Or the dewy mead.

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt &amp; Eaton.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd,  
Well we know His voice,  
How its gentlest whisper  
Makes our heart rejoice!  
Even when He chideth,  
Tender is His tone,  
None but He shall guide us,  
We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd,  
For the sheep He bled,  
Every lamb is sprinkled  
With the blood He shed.  
Then on each He setteth  
His own secret sign:  
"They that have my Spirit,  
These," said He, "are mine."

4 Jesus is my Shepherd,  
Guided by His arm,  
Though the wolves may threaten,  
None can do us harm.  
When we tread death's valley,  
Dark with fearful gloom,  
We will fear no evil,  
Victors o'er the tomb.

# Golden Grains.

[SELECTED.]

## BABY SLEEP.

Two little hands,  
Chubby and warm;  
Two little rosy cheeks  
Perfect in form;  
Two tiny golden curls  
On her pure brow,  
Resting so daintily  
Always, as now.

Two little heavy eyes  
Dewy with sleep,  
Angels above them  
Vigils will keep;  
Jesus will care for thee  
Safe in His love,  
Dream, little slumberer,  
Watched from above.

## LITTLE HELPERS.

Something to do  
For Christ I'll seek  
Each busy day  
In every week.

If bringing wood  
A help would be,  
That I will do  
Most cheerfully.

If baby cries  
And needs my care,  
I'll leave my play  
And hasten there.

I know that I  
Can serve the Lord  
By gentle tone  
And pleasant word.

O won't you all  
Be watchful, too,  
Some little thing  
For Christ to do?

## LITTLE SLEEPERS.

Upward float the little prayers  
Day by day.  
Little prayers for little cares  
In work or play.  
Every moment brings its trial  
Or its pleasure.  
Little prayers for self-denial  
Yield rich treasure.

Let this be your little prayer  
Every day—  
Keep me, Lord, in Thy dear care,  
Come what may.  
Lead my little feet apart  
From evil things.  
Daily hide my little heart  
Beneath Thy wings.

Mrs. J. M. DANA.

## CHILDREN'S OFFERINGS.

The wise may bring their learning,  
The rich may bring their wealth,  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring strength and health.  
We, too, would bring our treasures  
To offer to the King;  
We have no wealth or learning,  
*What shall we children bring?*

We'll bring the little duties  
We have to do each day;  
We'll try our best to please Him  
At home, or school, or play.  
And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to our King,  
And these the gifts that even  
*The poorest child may bring.*

## SUFFER THEM TO COME.

Jesus' words I oft have read,  
Plain as words can be;  
"Suffer them to come," He said,  
"Let them come to Me."

## Golden Grains.—Continued.

Little children, such as I,  
Know the Master's will;  
If we live, or if we die,  
Jesus loves us still.

Yes, for us He puts aside  
All the great and wise;  
Yes, for us the Saviour died,  
Fell that we may rise.

In His arms He takes us now,  
Clasps and holds us fast;  
Though we know not when or how,  
There we rest at last.

EDWARD WILLETT.

### CONFESS YOUR FAULTS.

Have you something naughty done,  
Little one?  
Run and tell it right away;  
Do not stay!

Have you said what is not true  
Because you  
Were afraid of some one by?  
Own the lie!

Satan says, "Nobody'll know."  
'Tis not so:  
God can see your heart within,  
Every sin.

If you will your sins confess,  
He will bless,  
And will help you do what's right  
In His sight.

### WHISPER SONGS.

When Jesus comes and calls to me,  
O may I then obedient be;  
And may I gladly let Him come  
To make my little heart His home.

Come, wear my yoke, the Saviour said,  
Come, bear my load, 'tis light indeed,

Come, lean thy head upon My breast,  
Come, weary child, I'll give thee rest.

Since Jesus bore the cross for me,  
His loving child, O, may I be;  
With joy my little cross I'll take  
And bear it for my Saviour's sake.

Gentle words and gentle ways,  
These will win our Saviour's praise  
If they come from hearts of love  
Filled with peace from worlds above.

Jesus is our Saviour King!  
What can little children bring?  
Willing hearts to be made new,  
Willing hands His work to do.

If we always keep in sight  
Jesus Christ, the only Light,  
Truly blessed we shall be,  
Lights that all around may see.

BEREAN LEAFLET.

### THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!  
How neat she spreads the wax!  
And labors hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In work of labor or of skill  
I would be busy too,  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play  
Let my first years be passed,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

I WATTS.

## Golden Grains.—Concluded.

### EVENING THOUGHTS.

"Now I lay me down to sleep"  
In my pretty bed of white;  
Alas! so many children weep  
Alone and shelterless to-night.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep"  
Thro' the night and thro' the day.  
When I awake, or when I sleep,  
I would be His own child always.

"If I die before I wake"  
Should I be afraid to go?  
Perhaps this little prayer I make  
May be the last on earth, and so

"I pray the Lord my soul to take,"  
Leaving all to His dear care.  
He knows if best my morning break  
With mamma here, or Jesus there.  
Mrs. DANA.

### WHAT A TRACT DID.

A child a penny gave,  
With which a tract was bought;  
That tract a heathen chief  
Unto the Saviour brought.

A little church was built,  
Men turned from idols old,  
Till fifteen hundred souls  
Were gathered in the fold.

If every little hand  
Shall sow the gospel seed,  
And every little heart  
Shall pray for those in need;  
If every little child  
Shall give to God His mite,  
Soon shall the heathen come  
To walk in Christ, the Light.

### THE GOLDEN RULE.

Little children, love each other—  
'Tis the blessed Saviour's rule—  
If a sister or a brother,  
If at home or if at school.

We're all children of one Father,  
That great God who reigns above;  
Shall we quarrel? No, much rather  
Would we dwell, like Him, in love.

### THE SHEPHERD AND THE LAMBS.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." Isaiah 40. 11.

I'm a weak little lamb,  
Often weary and straying;  
But Jesus the Shepherd  
Is tenderly saying,  
"Come, come, little feet, let me carry and bear you,  
Where briars and thorns cannot trouble and tear you."

I am Jesus' own lamb!  
No lamb could be dearer.  
I love my Good Shepherd!  
No lamb could be nearer.  
He watches and strengthens, He guides and He feeds me,  
He carries when fainting, and loves me, and leads me.

## I'm One Year Older.

I hope that every one will hear  
Just what I have to say:  
I'm one year older than I was  
A year ago to-day!

## Little Gentle Breath.

*First Scholar.* Little gentle breath,  
Coming and going away;  
Who keeps you coming, coming,  
By night as well as by day?

*Second Scholar.* Little busy heart,  
Beating, beating away;  
Who keeps you beating, beating,  
By night as well as by day?

*First Scholar.* God moves each beating heart;  
*Second Scholar.* God sends each gentle breath;  
*Both.* God watches o'er us night and day  
And keeps us safe from death.  
Selected.

## No. 42. Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

ANON.

S. V. R. FORD.

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep;

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 6/8 time and D-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

If I should die be-fore I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of treble and bass staves in 6/8 time and D-flat major. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



## No. 43.

## Little Ones are We.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Lit - tle ones are we, With hearts as light and free, As

birds that wake the morn - ing With sweet - est mel - o - dy.

## REFRAIN.

Lit - tle ones, lit - tle ones, Hap - py all the day;

For we know that Je - sus Takes our sins a - way.

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2 In the Sunday School  
We learn the golden rule,  
Which tells us to be loving,  
And kind and merciful.—*Ref.*

3 On this holy day,  
We meet to sing and pray,  
And learn what Jesus tells us  
About the narrow way.—*Ref.*

4 In this sacred place  
The Saviour's words of grace  
Are taught us, and He shows us  
The smiles of His face.—*Ref.*

5 Here we meet to sing  
The praises of our King;  
To Christ who reigns in glory,  
Our choicest gifts we bring.—*Ref.*

# No. 44. Hark! the Lark is Singing.

ANON.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Hark! the lark is sing - ing, In the clear blue sky;

Now I scarce can see him, He has flown so high:

Yet his glad song float - ing Down - ward still to earth,

Shows his lit - tle heart is Full of joy and mirth.

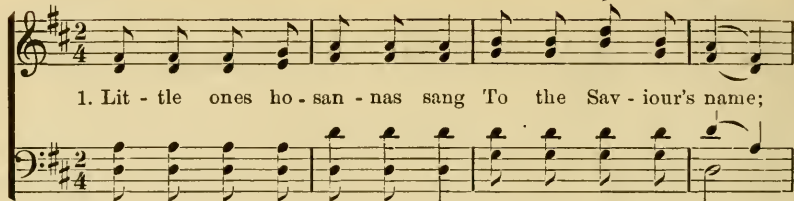
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2 Little lark, what is it  
 Makes your heart so gay?  
 Do you love the sunshine,  
 This bright sunny day?  
 Do you know who made us  
 And the earth so fair?  
 Have you flown to thank Him  
 For His love and care?

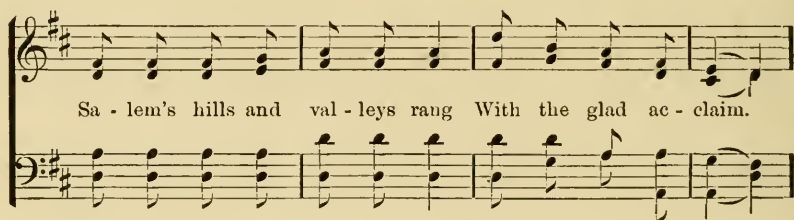
# No. 45. Little Ones Hosannas Sang.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

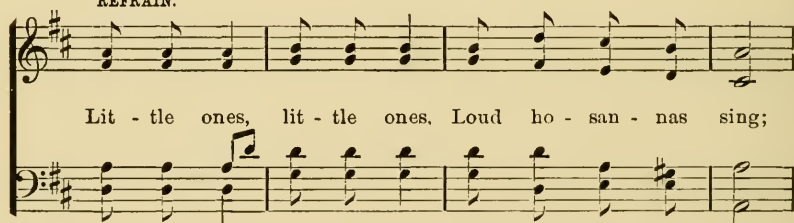


1. Lit - tle ones ho - san - nas sang To the Sav - iour's name;

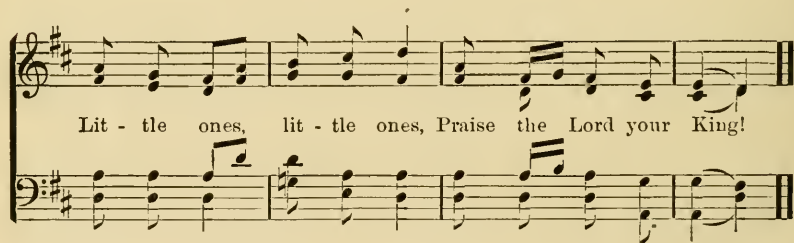


Sa - lem's hills and val - leys rang With the glad ac - claim.

## REFRAIN.



Lit - tle ones, lit - tle ones, Loud ho - san - nas sing;



Lit - tle ones, lit - tle ones, Praise the Lord your King!

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2 Songs for Christ can never die;  
Wafted on the air  
To the throne in yonder sky,  
Jesus hears them there.—*Ref.*

3 Though we cannot see our King  
On His holy hill,  
We, His little ones, can sing  
Glad hosannas still.—*Ref.*

4 When the Lord shall come again,  
To His earthly fold,  
Little ones will greet Him then  
As in days of old.—*Ref.*

## Always Growing.

What do you do in the ground, little seed,  
Under the rain and snow,  
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,  
And lost to the madcap sparrow's eye?  
"Why, do you not know?"

*I grow."*

What do you do in the nest, little bird,  
When the bough swings to and fro?  
How do you pass the time away  
From dawn to dusk of the summer day?  
"What! do you not know?"

*I grow."*

What do you do in the pond, little fish,  
With scales that glisten so?  
In and out of the watergrass,  
Never at rest. I see you pass.  
"Why, do you not know?"

*I grow."*

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,  
With chubby cheeks all aglow?  
What do you do when your toys are put  
Away, and your wise little eyes are shut,  
"O! do you not know?"

*I grow."*

Always growing! by night or day,  
No idle moments allowed;  
Whether at work or cheerful play,  
Let us all be able to say:  
"In the goodness of God,  
We grow!"

Selected.

## Without the Children.

O, the weary solemn silence  
Of a home without the children!  
O the strange, oppressive stillness  
Where the children come no more!  
Ah! the longing of the sleepless  
For the soft arms of the children!  
Ah! the longing for the faces  
Peeping through the open door  
Faces gone forevermore!

Strange it is to wake at midnight  
And not hear the children breathing,  
Nothing but the old clock ticking,  
'Ticking, ticking, by the door.  
Strange to see the little dresses

Hanging up there all the morning:  
And the gaiters—ah! their patter,  
We will hear it nevermore  
On our mirth-forsaken floor!

What is home without the children?  
'Tis the earth without its verdure,  
And the sky without the sunshine;  
Life is withered to the core!  
So we'll leave this weary desert,  
And we'll follow the good Shepherd  
To the greener pastures vernal,  
Where the lambs have "gone before"  
With the Shepherd evermore!

J. H. McNAUGHTON.

## Temperance.

There's a field already open;  
You can lend a helping hand  
To reclaim the many drunkards,  
Who are scattered o'er the land:  
You can help us try to banish  
From each home the cursed bowl;  
You may gain a crown of glory  
If you save a human soul.

### No. 46.

### The Sparkling Rill.

ANON.

JAMES B. TAYLOR.

1. Gush - ing so bright in the morn-ing light, Gleams the wa - ter

The first system of musical notation for 'The Sparkling Rill'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

in yon fount - ain; And as pure - ly, too, as the ear - ly

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

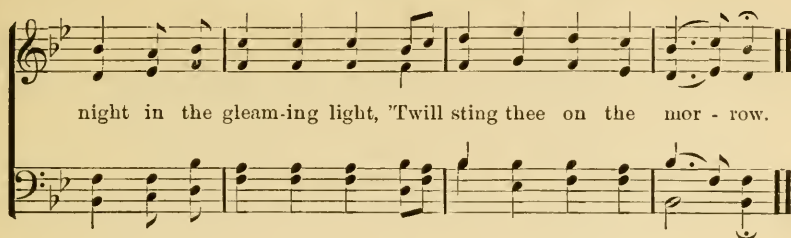
dew That gems the dis - tant mount-ain. Then drink your fill of the

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The word 'CHORUS.' is written above the treble staff.

gush - ing rill, And leave the cup of sor - row; Tho' it shine to -

The fourth system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The melody and accompaniment continue through this system.

## The Sparkling Rill.—Concluded.



night in the gleam-ing light, 'Twill sting thee on the mor - row.

2 Quietly glide in their silvery tide.  
Pearly brooks from rocks to valley;  
And the flashing streams in the strong sunbeams  
Like bannered armies rally.—*Cho.*

3 Touch not the wine, though it brightly shine,  
When a purer draught is given;  
A gift so sweet all our wants to meet,  
A beverage bright from heaven.—*Cho.*

4 O fountain clear, with a heart sincere  
We will praise thy glorious Giver;  
And when we rise to our native skies,  
We'll drink of life's bright river.—*Cho.*

## The Rain-Drops.

When I read of a river in heaven above,  
I wonder if God, in His infinite love,  
Lets the rain-drops that fall from some place up on high  
Drip down, one by one, through the floor of the sky.

They're so pearly and pure that I think they must fall  
From a world where no sin ever enters at all;  
When they're kissed by a sunbeam, how pretty they are:  
They glisten, and sparkle, and shine like a star.

Then, again, the idea to me is so quaint  
That rain-drops and sunbeams together should paint  
Those beautiful rainbows that hang in the air,  
And gladden our sight with their colors so rare.

For their beauty I prize the pure rain-drops, I think;  
But I bless them for giving me water to drink.  
Pure water! clear water!—what gift so divine!  
Three cheers for cold water! 'tis better than wine!



## What the Robin Said.

I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,  
Who sang in the apple-tree over the way,  
What it was he was singing so sweetly about,  
For I'd tried a long while, and I could not find out:  
"Why, I'm sure," he replied, "you cannot guess wrong,  
Don't you know I am singing a temperance song?  
Teetotal, O, that's the first word of my lay;  
And then, don't you see how I twitter away?  
'Tis because I have first dipped my beak in the spring,  
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing;  
Cold water! cold water! Yes, that is my song,  
And I love to keep singing it all the day long!"

Selected.

## No. 47. Will You Come to the Spring?

ANON.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Will you come to the spring, so spark-ling and bright,

Where birds car - ol sweet - ly from morn - ing till night?

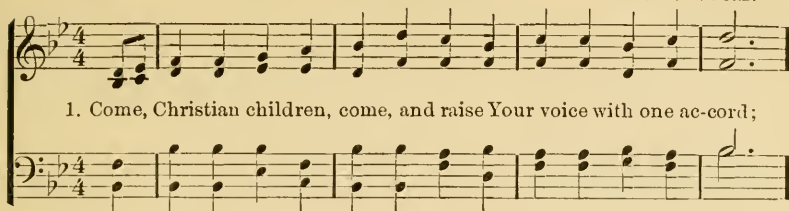
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- 2 See, its cup runneth o'er with the purest of drink,  
As sweet as the flowers that bend from its brink;
- 3 Let it flow, lovely stream, let it gently impart  
The fair glow of beauty and peace to the heart.
- 4 When the gay flowers droop in the noon summer's heat,  
The pure dew, descending, restores every sweet;
- 5 Richest blessing of life it forever bestows,  
Reviving all nature wherever it flows.

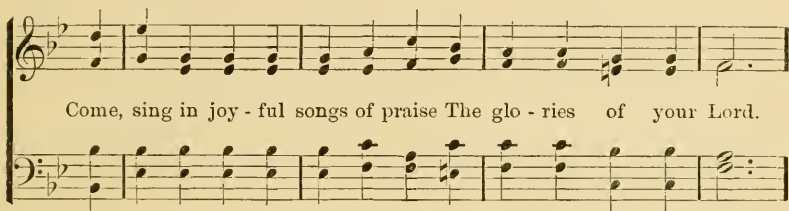
# No. 48. Hosanna to the King of kings.

ANON.

S. V. R. FORD.

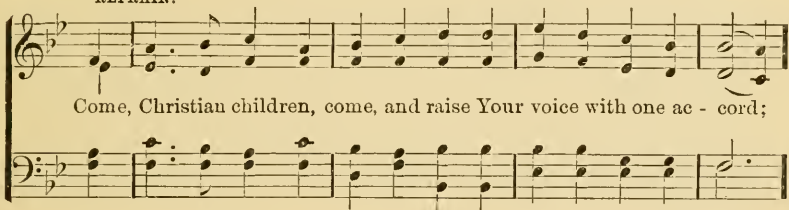


1. Come, Christian children, come, and raise Your voice with one ac-cord;

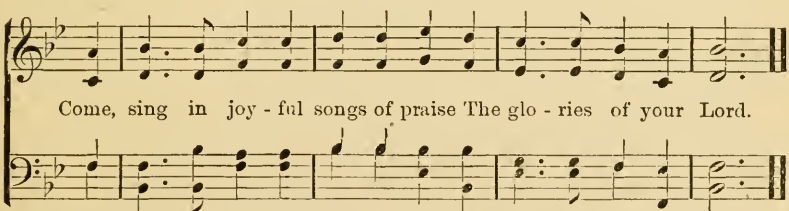


Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord.

## REFRAIN.



Come, Christian children, come, and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;



Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord.

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2 Sing of the wonders of His love,  
And loudest praises give  
To Him who left His throne above,  
And died that you might live.—*Ref.*

3 Sing of the wonders of His truth,  
And read in every page  
The promise made to earliest youth  
Fulfilled to latest age.—*Ref.*

4 Sing of the wonders of His power,  
Who with His own right arm  
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,  
And shields from every harm.—*Ref.*

## Scripture Gems.

I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.—Prov. 8. 17.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.—1 John 5. 21.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord.—Psalm 34. 11.

The Lord is in His holy temple.—Hab. 2. 20.

In my Father's house are many mansions.—John 14. 2.

All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.—Isa. 54. 13.

The parents brought in the child Jesus.—Luke 2. 27.

I must be about my Father's business.—Luke 2. 49.

Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.—Matt. 1. 21.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right.—Prov. 20. 11.

Ye are the children of the Lord.—Deut. 14. 1.

He shall gather the lambs with His arm.—Isa. 40. 11.

She hath done what she could.—Mark 14. 8.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11. 29.

Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord.—Ps. 127. 3.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.—Eph. 6. 1.

Honor thy father and mother.—Eph. 6. 2.

The promise is unto you, and to your children.—Acts 2. 39.

And Jesus called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of them.—Matt. 18. 3.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Eccl. 12. 1.

Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. 19. 14.

Wine is a mocker.—Prov. 20. 1.

And they brought young children to Him that He should touch them.—Mark 10. 13.

And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them.—Mark 10. 16.

Now is Christ risen from the dead.—1 Cor. 15. 20.

Christ died for us.—Rom. 5. 8.

Let the children first be filled.—Mark 7. 27.

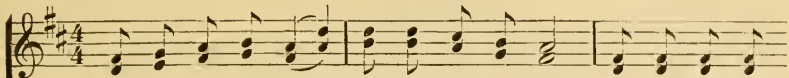
For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

# No. 49. Guard, my Child, thy Tongue.

Unknown.

(MOTION SONG.)

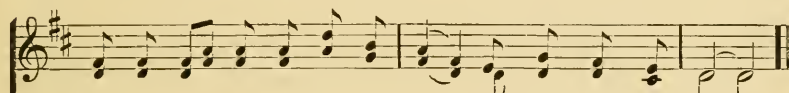
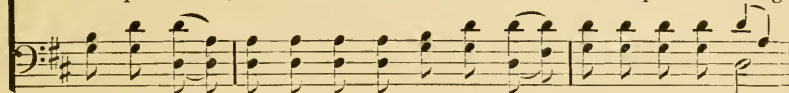
S. V. R. FORD.



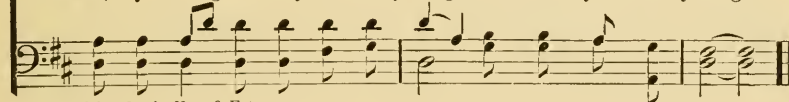
1. Guard, my child, thy tongue, That it speak no wrong; Let no e - vil



word pass o'er it; Set the watch of truth be-fore it, That it speak no wrong.



Guard, my child, guard, my child, thy tongue; Guard, my child, thy tongue.



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2 Guard, my child, thine eyes,  
Prying is not wise;  
Let them look on what is right,  
From all evil turn their sight;  
Prying is not wise.  
Guard, my child, guard, my child, thine eyes;  
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

3 Guard, my child, thine ear;  
Wicked words will sear.  
Let no evil word come in  
That may cause the soul to sin;  
Wicked words will sear.  
Guard, my child, guard, my child, thine ear!  
Guard, my child, thine ear.

4 Ear, and eye, and tongue,  
Guard while thou art young;  
For, alas! these busy three  
Can unruly members be.  
Guard while thou art young,  
Guard, my child, ear and eye and tongue;  
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

## Words.

A little said and truly said,  
 Can deeper joys impart,  
 Than hosts of words that reach the head,  
 But never touch the heart;  
 The voice that wins its sunny way,  
 A lonely home to cheer,  
 Hath oft the fewest words to say,  
 But oh! those few, how dear!

Selected.

### No. 50. Death of a Little Child.

CATHARINE WINKWORTH.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. { Ten-der Shepherd. Thou hast stilled Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping; }  
 { Ah, how peaceful, pale and mild, In its nar-row bed 'tis sleeping; }

And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit-tle bo-som more.

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2 In this world of care and pain,  
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;  
 To the sunny, heavenly plain  
 Thou dost now with joy receive it;  
 Clothed in robes of spotless white  
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we,  
 Where it lives, may soon be living,  
 And the lovely pastures see,  
 That its heavenly food are giving;  
 Then the gain of death we prove,  
 Though Thou take what most we love.

## No. 51.

## There is a Happy Land.

ANDREW YOUNG.

Hindu Melody.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way;

Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.

O, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our Sav - iour King;

Loud let His prais - es ring. Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand?  
Why still delay?  
O we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free;  
Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
Elest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
O, then to glory run,  
Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And bright above the sun,  
Reign, reign for aye.



## The Little Singer.

A little bright-eyed maiden,  
With unaccustomed air,  
She wondered at the organ,  
And nodded during prayer;  
She listened to the reading,  
And watched the people, too—  
For her first Sunday service  
Seemed very strange and new.

And when the congregation  
Broke forth in sacred song,  
She stood upon the footstool  
And tried to help along.  
She did not know their music,  
And so she chose her own—  
Of "little robin redbreast"  
She sang, in cheery tone.

All utterly unconscious  
Of many a smiling gaze,  
The childish voice rang clearly  
In this odd hymn of praise.  
And when the rest were silent  
Still those blithe notes were heard,  
Her last long stanza warbling  
Like some enraptured bird.

And the gracious pastor waited  
Till the lingering echoes fled,  
With a touched and tender spirit,  
Ere his loving text he read;  
For he knew the listening Father  
Would accord the chant sublime  
No dearer, worthier welcome  
Than that happy nursery rhyme,  
NELLIE K. KELLOGG.

### No. 52.

### Two Little Eyes.

ANON.

S. V. R FORD.

1. Two lit - tle eyes to look to God, Two lit - tle  
2. One lit - tle tongue to speak His truth, One lit - tle

ears to hear His word; Two lit - tle feet to  
heart for Him in youth; Take them, O Je - sus,

walk His ways, Hands to serve Him all my days.  
let them be Al - ways will - ing, true to Thee.

# No. 53. Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

*Moderato.*

DUET—SOP. & ALTO.

QUARTET.

1st time.

1. { Is thy soul with sin oppressed? Cast thy bur-den on the Lord; )  
 { He will sure-ly give thee rest, (Omit.....) }

QUARTET.  
2nd time.

FULL CHORUS.

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord. All thy sins to Je - sus

bring-ing, All thy sor - row, guilt and woe; To the

cross of Je - sus cling-ing, He will wash thee white as snow....  
 white as snow.

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- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Is thy heart o'erwhelmed with grief?<br/>             Cast thy burden on the Lord;<br/>             He will give thee sweet relief,<br/>             Cast thy burden on the Lord.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>He hath scattered all its gloom,<br/>             Cast thy burden on the Lord.—<i>Cho.</i></p>   |
| <p>3 Dost thou dread the silent tomb?<br/>             Cast thy burden on the Lord;</p>  | <p>4 Would'st thou reign with Christ above?<br/>             Cast thy burden on the Lord;<br/>             Trust in His redeeming love,<br/>             Cast thy burden on the Lord.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |

## No. 54.

## Jesus, High in Glory.

ANON.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list - 'ning ear;

When we bow be - fore Thee, Chil - dren's prais - es hear.

Though Thou art so ho - ly, Heav'n's Al - mighty King.

Thou wilt deign to list - en, When Thy praise we sing.

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2 Save us, Lord, from sinning,  
 Watch us day by day;  
 Help us now to love Thee,  
 Take our sins away;  
 Then when Jesus calls us  
 To our heavenly home,  
 We would gladly answer,  
 "Saviour, Lord, we come."

## A Prayer.

Dear Saviour be with me,  
By night and by day;  
In such sweet company,  
How short the way !  
With such a Guide, how could  
I go astray ?

## The Rainbow.

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky !  
My heavenly Father set it there,  
So bright ! so fair ! so high !

My heart leaps up ! God gives the sign !  
The storm will pass away !  
O, doubt no more ; His word is sure.  
Believe, believe ; obey.

Selected.

## The Snow-bird's Song.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,  
And two little sisters were busy at play,  
When a snow-bird was sitting close by, on a tree,  
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long,  
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song:  
"O, sister, look out of the window," said she;  
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-dee-dee."

"O, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes.  
And a nice little frock, and a hat, if he choose;  
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see  
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee."

"There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,  
Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too.  
Good morning ! O who are so happy as we?"  
And away he went, singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

F. C. WOODWORTH.

## The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread:  
and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and  
lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom,  
and the power, and the glory, forever. *Amen.*

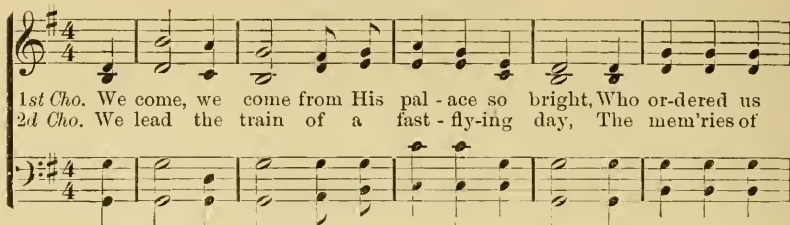
## No. 55.

## Day-break Sunbeams.

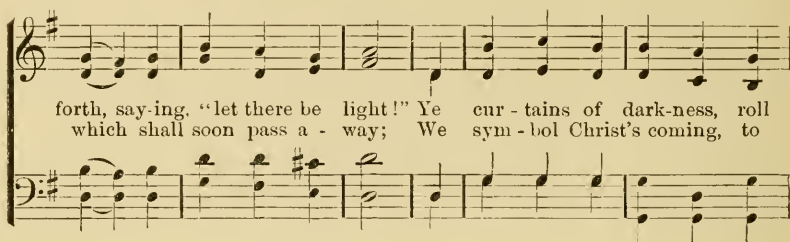
A. C. F.

(CHORUSES AND RECITATIONS.)

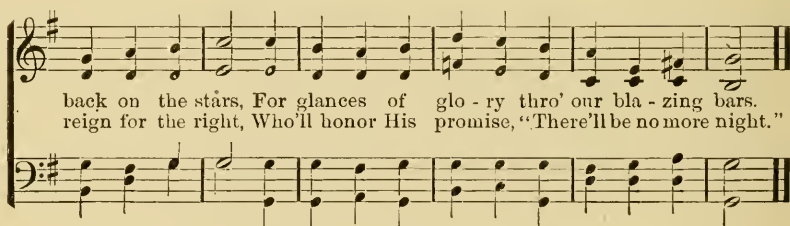
Rev. A. C. FERGUSON.



1st Cho. We come, we come from His pal - ace so bright, Who or - dered us  
2d Cho. We lead the train of a fast - fly - ing day, The mem'ries of



forth, say - ing, "let there be light!" Ye cur - tains of dark - ness, roll  
which shall soon pass a - way; We sym - bol Christ's coming, to



back on the stars, For glances of glo - ry thro' our bla - zing bars.  
reign for the right, Who'll honor His promise, "There'll be no more night."

## RECITATIONS. (BY NINE SCHOLARS.)

- First Scholar.* I'll bedeck the fringe of the flying cloud,  
And with golden lace its towers enshroud.
- Second Scholar.* I'll kiss the mountains, in snowy dresses,  
Or gleam in the brooks, amid their cresses.
- Third Scholar.* I'll diamond encrust the dew-laden flowers,  
And my spears I'll thrust through the vineclad bowers.
- Fourth Scholar.* I'll dart across the plain, through the dell,  
To give hope's cheer in the prisoner's cell.
- Fifth Scholar.* For the 'wakening birds, new joys I'll bring,  
Which they'll set to songs, 'till the forests ring.
- Sixth Scholar.* I'll hail the toiler going forth to life's care.  
At my dawn the lion will bound from his lair.
- Seventh Scholar.* I'll glance from mirrors, on castle wall,  
Or smile in hovels, where my arrows fall.
- Eighth Scholar.* I'll light athwart the sick child's pillow,  
Or plume the crest of the raging billow.
- Ninth Scholar.* Rainbow-hues I'll paint in the mourner's tear,  
As it gently falls on the pall-draped bier.
- Singing, second Chorus.*

# God is Love.

## MOTTO EXERCISE.

(FOR NINE BOYS.)

**G**OD is our refuge and strength.—Ps. 46. 1.

**O** how love I Thy law.—Ps. 119. 97.

**D**O good unto all men.—Gal. 6. 10.

**I** love them that love me.—Prov. 8. 17.

**S**EEK and ye shall find.—Matt. 7. 7.

**L**OVE one another.—John 15. 12.

**O**BEY your parents in the Lord, for this is right.—Eph. 6. 1.

**V**OW and pay unto the Lord your God.—Ps. 76. 11.

**E**XALT ye the Lord our God.—Ps. 99. 5.

## No. 56.

## A Wondrous Story.

Unknown.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. What a strange and wondrous sto - ry From the Book of God is read;—

How the Lord of life and glo - ry Had not where to lay His head.

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2 How He left His throne in heaven

Here to suffer, bleed and die;

That my soul might be forgiven,

And ascend to God on high!

3 Father, let Thy Holy Spirit

Still reveal a Saviour's love,

And prepare me to inherit

Glory where He reigns above.

4 There with saints and angels dwelling,

May I that great love proclaim.

And with them be ever telling

All the wonders of His name.



## Little Thoughts.

### A TEMPERANCE BOY.

I'm a temperance boy!  
See my ribbon blue!  
Don't you think its pretty?  
Then you wear one too!

Selected.

### TOUCH IT NEVER.

Children, do you see the wine  
In the crystal goblet shine?  
Be not tempted by its charm,  
It will surely lead to harm.  
Children, hate it!  
Touch it never!  
Fight it ever!

Selected.

### WOULD YOU?

If I had lots of money,  
I know what I would do;  
I'd make a happy Christmas  
For every child. Would you?

And when they ask for something  
To make the Christmas merry,  
I wouldn't give a penny,  
Like Mr. Elder Berry.

They say he's rich as Cræsus,  
But he forgets, I s'pose,  
To put the silver money  
Into his Sunday clothes.

I'd give a whole big dollar;  
And throw it on the plate,  
And make it ring and jingle  
Like Mr. Deacon Haight.

If I had lots of money,  
I know what I would do,  
I'd make a merry Christmas  
For every child. Would you?

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

### WHAT I WOULD BE.

More like Jesus every day,  
Loving, gentle, in my play,  
Running quickly to obey.  
Help me, Saviour, this I pray.

Jesus is my Saviour, King,  
Praises sweet to Him I sing;  
Jesus Loves me, and I may  
Show I love Him every day.

Selected.

### HARRY'S PRAYER.

Harry had been very selfish,  
Very cross to Baby May;  
And at night he told dear Jesus  
All about his naughty day.  
This was what he softly whispered,  
As he knelt to pray:

"O, dear Lord, I am so sorry  
That I made our baby cry;  
Won't you please forgive and bless me,  
And to-morrow I will try  
To be very, very patient—  
Now, dear Lord, good-by."

Selected.

### TWO LITTLE BEARS.

Two little cub-bears,  
Frisky and strong—  
Hair brown and shaggy,  
Claws sharp and long!

In the green grass rolling,  
Snapping their jaws;  
Now standing upright,  
Licking their paws.

Two little cub-bears  
In a child's breast;  
Fawn-like and gentle,  
Bringing us rest.

Why, how can that be?  
Not strange you stare;  
Where was there ever  
A gentle bear?

Two little cub-bears  
In a child's breast,  
Called bear and forbear!  
They bring us rest.

"Our Little Ones."

### MORNING PRAYER.

"Good morning, dear Father in heaven,"  
they said,

"We thank Thee for watching our snug  
little bed;

For taking good care of us all the dark  
night,  
And waking us up with the beautiful  
light.

O, keep us from naughtiness all the long  
day,

Dear Saviour, who taught little children  
to pray."

Selected.

# No. 57. Kind Shepherd of the Sheep.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm."—ISA. 40. 11.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Kind Shepherd of the sheep, Who dost in safe - ty keep

Thy lit - tle flock; To Thee my pray'rs as-cend; O let Thine

ear at - tend My cry, be Thou my Friend, My chos - en Rock.

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2 Thou didst in days of old  
Within Thine arms enfold  
A little child;  
O let me find a place  
In Thy dear arms of grace,  
Beholding there Thy face,  
Benignant, mild.

3 When dangers multiply,  
If to Thy side I fly,  
By love inclined—  
From sin's destructive charms,  
From Satan's fierce alarms,  
Protection in Thine arms  
May I not find?

4 Shepherd divine, by Thee  
Protected I would be,  
While here I roam.  
When here I cease to rove,  
Extend Thine arms of love  
To bear my soul above  
To Thy blest home!

# No. 58. Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

S. V. R. FORD.

1, Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy little lamb to-night;

Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light.

## REFRAIN.

Bless - ed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, List - en to my evening pray'r;

Bless - ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, List - en to my evening pray'r.

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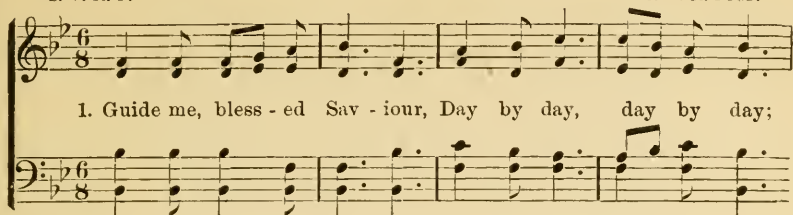
2 All this day Thy hand has led me,  
And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,  
Listen to my evening prayer.—*Ref.*

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;  
Bless the friends I love so well;  
Take us all at last to heaven,  
Happy there with Thee to dwell.—*Ref.*

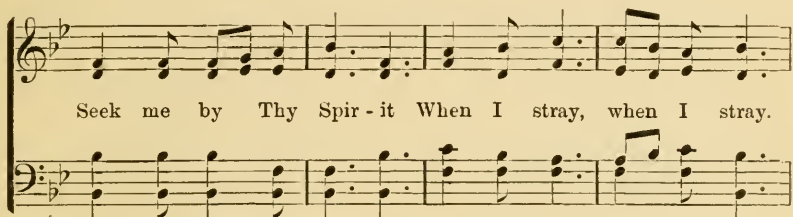
# No. 59. Guide Me, Blessed Saviour.

S. V. R. F.


S. V. R. FORD.



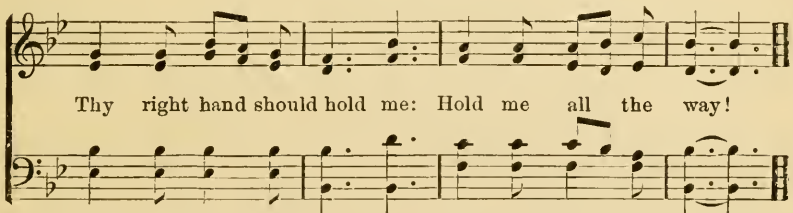
1. Guide me, bless - ed Sav - iour, Day by day, day by day;



Seek me by Thy Spir - it When I stray, when I stray.



In Thine arms en - fold me; Lo! Thy word hath told me,



Thy right hand should hold me: Hold me all the way!

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2 Guide me in the darkness  
With Thine eye, with Thine eye;  
Make the place a Bethel  
Where I lie, where I lie.  
Guardian angels near me—  
Let their presence cheer me;  
Be Thou swift to hear me—  
Hear me when I cry.

3 Be Thou ever present  
To defend, to defend;  
In the time of trouble  
Be my friend, be my friend.  
Stand Thou close beside me;  
In Thy shelter hide me;  
To Thy kingdom guide me—  
Guide me to the end.

## A Message.

She wasn't on the play-ground, she wasn't on the lawn;  
The little one was missing and bed-time coming on;  
We hunted in the garden, we peeped about to see  
If sleeping under rose-tree or lilac she might be;  
But nothing came in answer to all our anxious call,  
Until at length we hastened within the darkening hall,  
And then upon the stillness, there broke a silvery tone—  
The darling mite was standing before the telephone;  
And softly, as we listened, came stealing down the stairs:  
“H'lo Central! give me heaven; I want to say my prayers.”

SYDNEY DAYRE.

## The Faults of Others.

My neighbor's faults I see,  
And yet  
My own delinquency  
Forget.  
I have a standard high,  
You see;  
The dust for them, the sky  
For me.

To my own errors blind,  
My sight  
Another's fault can find  
At night.  
O that I had the grace  
Within  
My heart for love—no place  
For sin.

WORTHINGTON'S ANNUAL.

## The Little Children.

God bless the little children,  
We meet them every where;  
We hear their voices round our hearth,  
Their footsteps on our stair.  
Their kindly hearts are swelling o'er  
With mirthfulness and glee;  
God bless the little children  
Wherever they may be.

Selected.

## Responsive Opening Service.

(The Twenty-third Psalm.)

*Supt.* The Lord is my shepherd;

*School.* I shall not want.

*Supt.* He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

*School.* He leadeth me beside the still waters.

*Supt.* He restoreth my soul:

*School.* He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

*Supt.* Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will  
fear no evil:

*School.* For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

*Supt.* Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

*School.* Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

*Supt.* Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

*School.* And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

## No. 60.

## Anniversary Hymn.

S. A. G.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Kind friends, your welcome presence here, With hap - py songs we greet;

Those to our youthful hearts so dear, Once more we glad - ly meet.

Here have we been, with lov - ing care, In green - est pas - tures fed;

And each young heart in faith and pray'r To liv - ing wa - ters led.

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2 And now, O Father! hear our prayer;  
 Turn not from us away;  
 Though in thy love we claim no share,  
 For we have gone astray.  
 Yet in the dear Redeemer's name  
 We pray to be forgiven;  
 O take away our sin and shame,  
 And lead us safe to heaven.



## No. 61.

## Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

ANON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

*Moderato.*—TEACHER.

SCHOLARS.

1. Who was in a man-ger laid? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;

TEACHER.

SCHOLARS.

Who for mon - ey was be - trayed? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

TEACHER.

Who will lead us ev - ery day, Who will hear us when we pray?

SCHOLARS.

ALL.

Je - sus, Je - sus all the way; Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.

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2 Who can rob the grave of gloom?  
 Jesus, blessed Jesus;  
 Who can raise us from the tomb?  
 Jesus, blessed Jesus.  
 When before the Judge we wait,  
 Who will open heaven's gate?  
 Jesus Christ, our Advocate;  
 Jesus, blessed Jesus.

3 Who will give us sweetest rest?  
 Jesus, blessed Jesus;  
 Who in heaven shall we love best?  
 Jesus, blessed Jesus.  
 At His feet our crowns we'll fling,  
 While with rapt'rous songs we sing,  
 Jesus Christ, our Saviour King,  
 Jesus, blessed Jesus.

# No. 62.

# Little Ones Like Me.

ANON.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die;

In His mer - cy passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.

## REFRAIN.

Lit - tle ones like me, Lit - tle ones like me;

Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, Lit - tle ones like me.

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2 Mothers then the Saviour sought,  
In the places where He taught,  
And to Him their children brought,—  
Little ones like me.—*Ref.*

3 Did the Saviour say them nay?  
No, He kindly bade them stay;  
Suffered none to turn away,—  
Little ones like me.—*Ref.*

4 'Twas for them His life He gave,  
To redeem them from the grave;  
Jesus now will gladly save  
Little ones like me.—*Ref.*

## Opening Prayer.

Dear Jesus, as we meet  
Around Thy mercy-seat,  
And meekly bow the knee  
In humble prayer to Thee,  
Hear us in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,  
And fill our hearts with Thy rich grace.

## No. 63.

## Little Soldiers.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. We are lit - tle sol - diers, Fighting for the Lord, And our trusted

wea - pon Is the Saviour's word; Je - sus is our Captain, And we're

sure to win In the might-y con-flict With the hosts of sin.

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2 O'er us floats the banner  
Of the King of kings;  
To the faithful soldier  
Victory it brings;  
They who fight beneath it  
Cannot suffer loss,  
For it is the standard  
Of the blood-stained cross.

3 When the war is over,  
Round the throne we'll meet,  
And lay down our armor  
At the Saviour's feet:  
In that day of triumph  
Our reward shall be  
Crowns of fadeless glory,  
Palms of victory!

# No. 64.

# Little Gleaners.\*

ANON.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. We are on - ly lit - tle gleaners, As our lit - tle sheaf will tell;

But we followed near the reapers, And we gathered all that fell.

## REFRAIN.

Sav-iour, bless the lit - tle gleaners, And when an - gel reap - ers come

With the wheat with-in Thy garner, May they find a "welcome home."

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2 We are only little gleaners;  
Stronger arms had gone before,  
Carrying in the golden harvest  
To enrich the Master's store.—*Ref.*

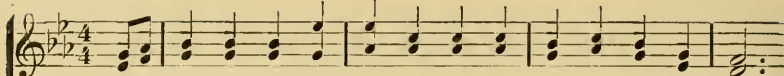
3 We are only little gleaners;  
But our Saviour, good and kind,  
Always smiles when children serve Him  
With the best that they can find.—*Ref.*

\* Emblem, a sheaf of wheat.

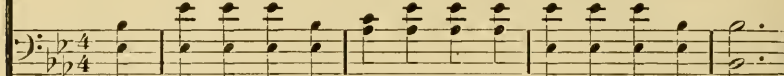
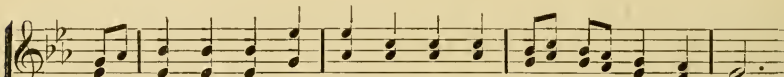
# No. 65. I'm Glad that Jesus Came.

S. V. R. F.

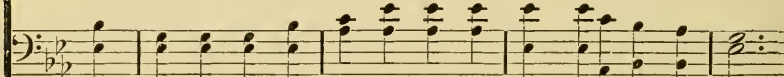
S. V. R. FORD.



1. I'm glad that Je - sus came from heav'n To ransom me from guilt;


For me His precious life was giv'n, For me His blood was spilt.



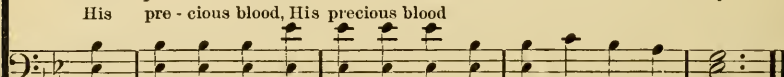
## REFRAIN.



O I'm so glad... that Je - sus died for me;  
O I'm so glad, O I'm so glad for me;

His pre - - cious blood... was shed on Cal - va - ry.  
His pre - cious blood, His precious blood



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- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 I'm glad that Jesus, who was lain<br/>Low in the silent grave,<br/>Rose from the dead, and lives again<br/>His guilty foes to save.—<i>Ref.</i></p> | <p>3 I'm glad that Jesus pleads for me<br/>Before His Father's throne;<br/>But for His merit I should be<br/>For evermore undone.—<i>Ref.</i></p> |
|--|---|
- 4 I'm glad that Jesus calls His sheep  
By name, and knows them all;  
I hear His voice and try to keep  
Beside Him, lest I fall.—*Ref.*

## The Child's Prayer.

"Now I lay me"—say it, darling;  
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips  
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending  
O'er her folded finger-tips.  
"Down to sleep"—"to sleep," she murmured,  
And the curly head drooped low;  
"I pray the Lord," I gently added.  
"You can say it all, you know."  
"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,  
Fainter still—"my soul to keep;"  
Then the tired head fairly nodded,  
And the child was fast asleep.  
But the dewy eyes half opened  
When I clasped her to my breast,  
And the dear voice softly whispered,  
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."  
O the trusting, sweet confiding  
Of the child-heart! would that I  
Thus might trust my heavenly Father—  
He who hears my feeblest cry.

ANON.

## What Can We Do?

O, what can little children do to make the great world glad;  
For pain and sin are every-where, and many a life is sad?—  
Our hearts must bloom with charity whenever sorrow lowers;  
For how could summer days be sweet without the little flowers?

O, what can little children do to make the dark world bright;  
For many a soul in shadow sits, and longs to see the light?—  
O, we must lift our lamps of love, and let them gleam afar;  
For how should night be beautiful without each little star?

O, what can little children do to bring some comfort sweet,  
For weary roads where men must climb with toiling wayworn feet?—  
Our lives must ripple clear and fresh, that thirsty souls may sing;  
Could robin pipe so merrily without the little spring?

All this may little children do, the saddened world to bless,  
For God sends forth all loving souls to deeds of tenderness,  
That this poor earth may bloom and sing like His dear home above;  
But all the work would fail and cease without the children's love.

Selected.



# I Will Not Fear.

I will not fear,  
For God is near  
Through the dark night,  
As in the light.  
And when I sleep,  
Safe watch will keep;  
Why should I fear  
When God is near?

Selected.

## No. 66. Little Hearts to Worship.

S. V. R. F.

(MOTION SONG.)

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Lit-tle hearts to wor-ship Jesus Christ, our Lord; Hearts made pure and

REFRAIN.

ho - ly Thro' His precious word. Hearts and hands for Jesus, Eyes, and

, ears, and feet; For His glo - ry liv - ing Till in heav'n we meet.

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- 2 Little hands performing  
Jesus' blessed will;  
All His holy wishes  
Trying to fulfill.—*Ref.*
- 3 Little eyes beholding  
Beauty everywhere,  
Telling us the story  
Of our Father's care.—*Ref.*

- 4 Little ears to hearken  
To the Saviour's plea;  
"Early, little children,  
Give your hearts to Me."—*Ref.*
- 5 Little feet to travel  
Heavenward day by day,  
Guided by the Saviour  
In the narrow way.—*Ref.*

## No. 67. No Friend Like Jesus.

Words from "MAMMA'S SERMONS."

S. V. R. FORD.

1. There is no friend like Je - sus, So gen - tle, kind and true;

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

This Friend is al - ways near us, And sees what - e'er we do:

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Al - though He is so might - y, The King of Heav'n a - bove,

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

He calls us to His bo - som, And guards us with His love.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the first part of the song. The lyrics are written below the staff.

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2 We'll try to follow Jesus,  
His word we will obey;  
We will be mild and gentle  
And pleasant in our play:  
We'll do our little duties,  
And love the Saviour best;  
On earth we'll follow Jesus,  
In Heaven with Him we'll rest.

## No. 68.

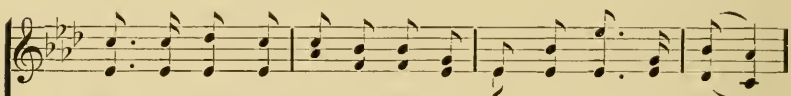
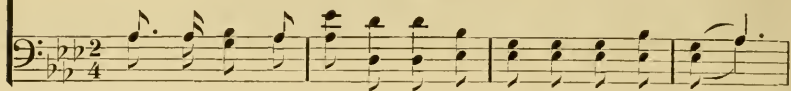
## Our Darling.\*

A. C. F.

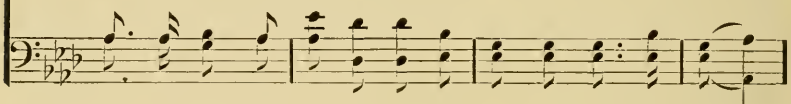
Rev. A. C. FERGUSON.



1. Like a bird-ling is our dar-ling, Coo-ing, chirping, gliding;



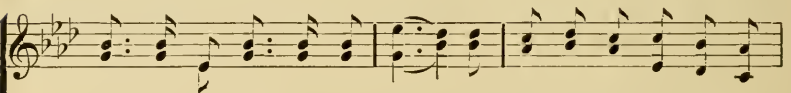
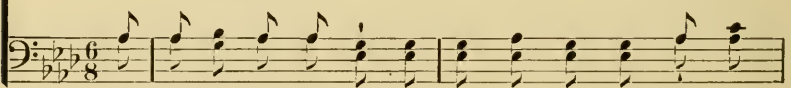
'Mid her spring-tide flowrets blooming, In love's bow-ers hid-ing.



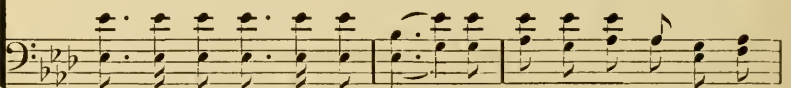
## REFRAIN.



O sweet, trusting child-hood, Like birds of the wild-wood, So



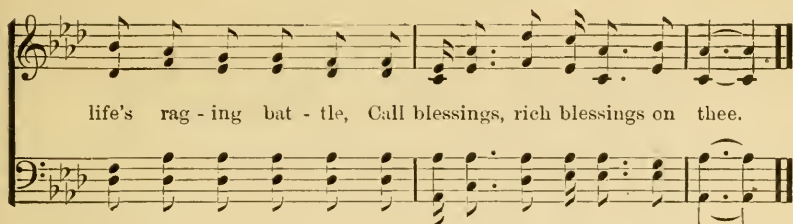
guile-less, so joy-ous and free; Thy brightness and prattle 'Mid



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\* May be sung as a Solo and Quartette.

## Our Darling.—Concluded.



- 2 Gleeful, blithesome is our darling,  
Like a brooklet singing;  
Giving cheer to weary toilers  
While the sheaves they're bringing.—*Ref.*
- 3 Like a glory-ray our darling;  
Piercing pearl-gate bars;  
Here to light the clouds with visions  
Of the home 'mid stars.—*Ref.*
- 4 Jesus spake so of our darling  
Little ones caressing,  
He said, "Bring them, they are welcome,—  
For such is my blessing."—*Ref.*

## Little Things.

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue,  
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above

*Selected.*

## Abide in Me.

### MOTTO EXERCISE.

(FOR NINE BOYS.)

**A** GAIN a little while and ye shall see me.—John 16. 17.

**B**ECAUSE I live, ye shall live also.—John 14. 19.

**I** am the way, the truth and the life.—John 14. 6.

**D**O ye now believe?—John 16. 31.

**E**VIL communications corrupt good manners.—1 Cor. 15. 33.

**I**N my Father's house are many mansions.—John 14. 2.

**N**O man can serve two masters.—Matt. 6. 24.

**M**Y yoke is easy and my burden is light.—Matt. 11. 30.

**E**NTER ye in at the straight gate.—Matt. 7. 13.

## God is in Heaven.

(RESPONSIVE RECITATION.)

*First Scholar.* God is in heaven, can He hear  
A little prayer like mine?

*Second Scholar.* Yes, dearest child, thou need'st not fear,  
He listens unto thine.

*First Scholar.* God is in heaven, can He see  
When I am doing wrong?

*Second Scholar.* Yes, that He can, He looks at thee  
All day and all night long.

*First Scholar.* God is in heaven, would He know  
If I should tell a lie?

*Second Scholar.* Yes, tho' thou said'st it very low,  
He'd hear it in the sky.

*First Scholar.* God is in heaven, does He care,  
Or is He kind to me?

*Second Scholar.* Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear  
'Tis God that gives it thee.

*First Scholar.* God is in heaven, may I pray  
To go there when I die?

*Second Scholar.* Yes, love Him, seek Him, and one day  
He'll call thee to the sky.

ANN TAYLOR.

# The Ten Commandments.

And God spake all these words, saying,

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V. Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

## No. 69. Faithful Shepherd.

Rev. T. B. POLLOCK, abr.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Faith - ful Shepherd, feed me In the pastures green;

Faith-ful Shepherd, lead me Where Thy steps are seen.

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2 Hold me fast and guide me  
In the narrow way;  
So with Thee beside me  
I shall never stray.

3 Hallow every pleasure,  
Every gift and pain;

Be Thyself my treasure,  
Though none else I gain.

4 Day by day prepare me,  
As Thou seest best,  
Then let angels bear me  
To Thy promised rest.



# Double Recitation.\*

(FOR FIVE SCHOLARS.)

## *First Scholar:*

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.—Mark. 16. 15.

Go, ye messengers of God;  
Like the beams of morning, fly;  
Take the wonder-working rod;  
Wave the banner-cross on high.

## *Second Scholar:*

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence.

And give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.—Isa. 62. 6, 7.

Bear the tidings round the ball,  
Visit every soil and sea;  
Preach the cross of Christ to all,  
Christ, whose love is full and free.

## *Third Scholar:*

And I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Judah an inheritor of my mountains: and mine elect shall inherit it, and my servants shall dwell there.—Isa. 65. 9.

Daughter of Zion, from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head;  
Again in thy Redeemer trust;  
He calls thee from the dead.

## *Fourth Scholar:*

Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people.—Isa. 62. 10.

Go to many a tropic isle  
In the bosom of the deep,  
Where the skies forever smile,  
And th'oppressed forever weep.

## *Fifth Scholar:*

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.—Isa. 9. 2.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!

Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;

Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

## *First Scholar:*

And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

And strangers shall stand, and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and your vine-dressers.

But ye shall be named the Priests of the Lord: men shall call you the Ministers of our God: ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.—Isa. 61. 4-6.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,

Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;

Hail to the millions from bondage returning;

Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

## *Second Scholar:*

But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak.

Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord.

Then the Lord put forth his hand, and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth.

See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant.—Jer. 1. 7-10.

## Double Recitation.—Concluded.

Go into every nation, go;  
Speak to their trembling hearts, and  
cry,—  
Glad tidings unto all we show:  
Jesusalem, thy God is nigh.

### *Third Scholar:*

And what shall I more say? for the  
time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and  
of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jeph-  
thah; of David also, and Samuel, and of  
the prophets:

Who through faith subdued kingdoms,  
wrought righteousness, obtained prom-  
ises, stopped the mouths of lions,

Quenched the violence of fire, escaped  
the edge of the sword, out of weakness  
were made strong, waxed valiant in fight,  
turned to flight the armies of the aliens.  
—Heb. 11. 32-34.

Flung to the heedless winds,  
Or on the waters cast,  
The martyrs' ashes, watched,  
Shall gathered be at last;

And from that scattered dust,  
Around us and abroad,  
Shall spring a plenteous seed  
Of witnesses for God.

### *Fourth Scholar:*

For we wrestle not against flesh and  
blood, but against principalities, against  
powers, against the rulers of the dark-  
ness of this world, against spiritual wick-  
edness in high places.—Eph. 6. 12.

Gird ye on the armor bright,  
Warriors of the King of light,  
Never yield, nor lose by flight  
Your divine reward.

### *Fifth Scholar:*

For this purpose the Son of God was  
manifested, that he might destroy the  
works of the devil.—1 John 3. 8.

From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

\* Especially adapted to Missionary Concerts and Anniversaries.

## Hush! Little Christian Child.

Hush! little Christian child,  
Speak not that holy name!  
Not in thy passion wild!  
Not in thy sportive game!  
For the great Lord of all  
Heareth each word we say;  
He will remember it  
At the great judgment-day.

Hush! holy angels hear;  
Softly they come and go,  
Watching with love sincere,  
Shielding from sin and woe;  
Do not with hasty words,  
Vile and undutiful,  
Startle those angel-guards  
So pure and beautiful.

Honor God's holy name;  
Speak it with thought and care;  
Sing to it solemn hymns;  
Breathe it in humble prayer;  
But not with sudden call  
In thy light joy or pain!  
God will hold guilty all  
Who take His name in vain.

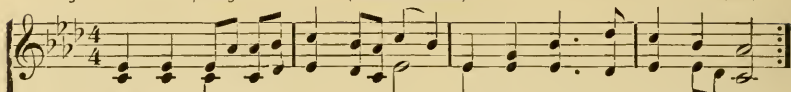
Selected.

# No. 70. Watchmen, Tell us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

(RESPONSIVE.)\*

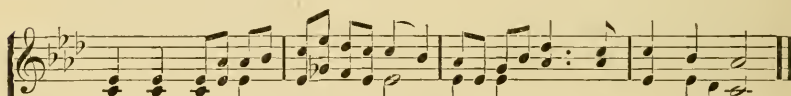
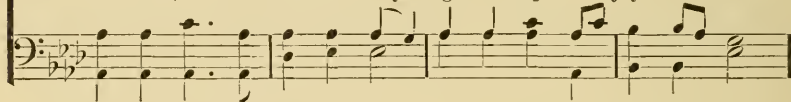
S. V. R. FORD.



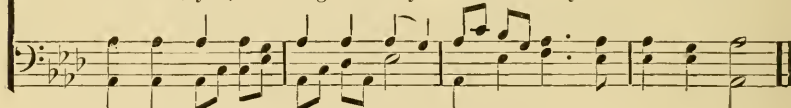
*First.* Watchman, tell us of the night, — What its signs of promise are.  
*Second.* Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height, See the glory-beaming star!



*First.* Watchman, does its beautiful ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?



*Second.* Traveler, yes; it brings the day, — Promised day of Israel.



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- First.* Watchman, tell us of the night:  
 Higher yet that star ascends.  
*Second.* Traveler, blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.  
*First.* Watchman, will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
*Second.* Traveler, ages are its own:  
 See! it bursts o'er all the earth.  
*First.* Watchman, tell us of the night;  
 For the morning seems to dawn.  
*Second.* Traveler, darkness take its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
*First.* Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
*Second.* Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

\* May be sung responsively by two Quartettes.

## No. 71.

## Following Jesus.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Je - sus bids us fol - low Him, Glad - ly we o - bey;

For wher - e'er the path - way leads, He will guide our way.

## REFRAIN.

Fol - low Him, fol - low Him, Glad - ly we will fol - low Him;

Fol - low Him, fol - low Him, We will fol - low Je - sus.

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2 Jesus bids us follow Him

Into deserts cold;

Seeking for the lambs that stray,  
From the Shepherd's fold.—*Ref.*

3 Jesus bids us follow Him

To the prisoner's cell;—

Bearing messages of hope  
While His love we tell.—*Ref.*

4 Jesus bids us follow Him,

Guided by His hand,

Till we gain the victor's crown  
In the Fatherland.—*Ref.*

# Christ is Risen.\*

RECITATION. (For Six Scholars.)

*First Scholar.*

Enthroned above the tomb where lay th'enshrined Prince of Life,  
Death proudly swayed his scepter o'er the vanquished in the strife;  
No star of hope was sent to cheer the midnight of despair,  
For hope with faith had perished, and with Christ was buried there.

*Second Scholar.*

Sealed was the massive stone that barred the tomb where Jesus slept;  
Death's allies were the Roman guard who ceaseless vigil kept;  
Nor dreamed His enemies that Christ, whose form they guarded well,  
Could rend the rock-ribbed sepulcher, and vanquish death and hell.

*Third Scholar.*

Down from the throne of light there sped a white-winged messenger,  
Who, rolling back the stone, revealed an empty sepulcher;  
The cerements of the grave which bound the imprisoned Prince of Life  
Were rent in twain, and Christ had risen immortal from the strife.

*Fourth Scholar.*

Swift o'er the fair Judean hills the wondrous tidings spread,  
While Salem caught the echo, Christ is risen from the dead!  
Joy flew on pinions swift as light and anguish fled away,  
And rapture crowned the advent of the Resurrection Day.

*Fifth Scholar.*

Heaven lent its radiance to the morn that saw the Lord arise;  
The dancing sunbeams kissed away all tears from sorrow's eyes;  
The bow of promise spanned the tomb where faith and hope were born,  
And earth was linked to heaven for aye, on Easter's virgin morn.

*Sixth Scholar.*

The Christ is risen from the dead; be lifted up, ye gates!  
Ye everlasting doors, lift up! The King of glory waits  
To enter in, and sit enthroned at God's right hand on high,  
The Sovereign of the universe, the Lord of earth and sky.

*The six Scholars in concert.*

Exult for joy, ye sons of God; the grave has lost its gloom!  
For since the Lord of glory rose triumphant from the tomb,  
Wresting the crown from death's dark brow, humanity can sing,  
"O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!"

## I Wonder if the Saviour Cares?

(DIALOGUE.)

*First Scholar.*

I wonder if the Saviour cares  
When I forget to say my prayers?  
If, when "I lay me down to sleep"  
And trust in Him "my soul to keep,"  
I quickly close my eyes, and fall  
Asleep, before on Him I call;  
Will He protect me through the night,  
And keep me safe till morning light?

*Second Scholar.*

Perhaps He will; for He is good  
To those who scorn His Fatherhood;  
But still it grieves His heart to know  
That little children treat Him so.  
If they would have His tender care,  
And in His love and mercy share,  
They never should forget to pray  
For His protection, night and day.

\* Especially appropriate for Easter occasions.



# No. 72. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah!

WM. WILLIAMS.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah; Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land:

I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand:

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more;

Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

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2 Open now the crystal fountain  
 Whence the healing waters flow;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through.  
 ||: Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,  
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield. :||

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Bear me through the swelling current,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
 ||: Songs of praises, Songs of praises,  
 I will ever give to Thee. :||



## No. 73.      There is Work for All.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

The first system of the musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B-flat4. The next measure contains a quarter note C5, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note A4. The third measure consists of a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E-flat4. The fourth measure contains a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B-flat3. The fifth measure is a whole note G3. The sixth measure contains a quarter note F3, a quarter note E-flat3, and a quarter note D3. The seventh measure consists of a quarter note C3, a quarter note B-flat2, and a quarter note A2. The eighth measure contains a quarter note G2, a quarter note F2, and a quarter note E-flat2. The ninth measure is a whole note D2. The tenth measure contains a quarter note C2, a quarter note B-flat1, and a quarter note A1. The eleventh measure consists of a quarter note G1, a quarter note F1, and a quarter note E-flat1. The twelfth measure contains a quarter note D1, a quarter note C1, and a quarter note B-flat0. The thirteenth measure is a whole note A0. The fourteenth measure contains a quarter note G0, a quarter note F0, and a quarter note E-flat0. The fifteenth measure consists of a quarter note D0, a quarter note C0, and a quarter note B-flat-1. The sixteenth measure contains a quarter note A-1, a quarter note G-1, and a quarter note F-1. The seventeenth measure is a whole note E-1. The eighteenth measure contains a quarter note D-1, a quarter note C-1, and a quarter note B-flat-2. The nineteenth measure consists of a quarter note A-2, a quarter note G-2, and a quarter note F-2. The twentieth measure contains a quarter note E-2, a quarter note D-2, and a quarter note C-2. The twenty-first measure is a whole note B-2. The twenty-second measure contains a quarter note A-2, a quarter note G-2, and a quarter note F-2. The twenty-third measure consists of a quarter note E-2, a quarter note D-2, and a quarter note C-2. The twenty-fourth measure contains a quarter note B-2, a quarter note A-2, and a quarter note G-2. The twenty-fifth measure is a whole note F-2. The twenty-sixth measure contains a quarter note E-2, a quarter note D-2, and a quarter note C-2. The twenty-seventh measure consists of a quarter note B-2, a quarter note A-2, and a quarter note G-2. The twenty-eighth measure contains a quarter note F-2, a quarter note E-2, and a quarter note D-2. The twenty-ninth measure is a whole note C-2. The thirtieth measure contains a quarter note B-1, a quarter note A-1, and a quarter note G-1. The thirty-first measure consists of a quarter note F-1, a quarter note E-1, and a quarter note D-1. The thirty-second measure contains a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The thirty-third measure is a whole note G-1. The thirty-fourth measure contains a quarter note F-1, a quarter note E-1, and a quarter note D-1. The thirty-fifth measure consists of a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The thirty-sixth measure contains a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The thirty-seventh measure is a whole note D-1. The thirty-eighth measure contains a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The thirty-ninth measure consists of a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The fortieth measure contains a quarter note D-1, a quarter note C-1, and a quarter note B-1. The forty-first measure is a whole note A-1. The forty-second measure contains a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The forty-third measure consists of a quarter note D-1, a quarter note C-1, and a quarter note B-1. The forty-fourth measure contains a quarter note A-1, a quarter note G-1, and a quarter note F-1. The forty-fifth measure is a whole note G-1. The forty-sixth measure contains a quarter note F-1, a quarter note E-1, and a quarter note D-1. The forty-seventh measure consists of a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The forty-eighth measure contains a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The forty-ninth measure is a whole note D-1. The fiftieth measure contains a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The fifty-first measure consists of a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The fifty-second measure contains a quarter note D-1, a quarter note C-1, and a quarter note B-1. The fifty-third measure is a whole note A-1. The fifty-fourth measure contains a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The fifty-fifth measure consists of a quarter note D-1, a quarter note C-1, and a quarter note B-1. The fifty-sixth measure contains a quarter note A-1, a quarter note G-1, and a quarter note F-1. The fifty-seventh measure is a whole note G-1. The fifty-eighth measure contains a quarter note F-1, a quarter note E-1, and a quarter note D-1. The fifty-ninth measure consists of a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The sixtieth measure contains a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The sixty-first measure is a whole note D-1. The sixty-second measure contains a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The sixty-third measure consists of a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The sixty-fourth measure contains a quarter note D-1, a quarter note C-1, and a quarter note B-1. The sixty-fifth measure is a whole note A-1. The sixty-sixth measure contains a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The sixty-seventh measure consists of a quarter note D-1, a quarter note C-1, and a quarter note B-1. The sixty-eighth measure contains a quarter note A-1, a quarter note G-1, and a quarter note F-1. The sixty-ninth measure is a whole note G-1. The seventieth measure contains a quarter note F-1, a quarter note E-1, and a quarter note D-1. The seventy-first measure consists of a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The seventy-second measure contains a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The seventy-third measure is a whole note D-1. The seventy-fourth measure contains a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The seventy-fifth measure consists of a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The seventy-sixth measure contains a quarter note D-1, a quarter note C-1, and a quarter note B-1. The seventy-seventh measure is a whole note A-1. The seventy-eighth measure contains a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The seventy-ninth measure consists of a quarter note D-1, a quarter note C-1, and a quarter note B-1. The eightieth measure contains a quarter note A-1, a quarter note G-1, and a quarter note F-1. The eighty-first measure is a whole note G-1. The eighty-second measure contains a quarter note F-1, a quarter note E-1, and a quarter note D-1. The eighty-third measure consists of a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The eighty-fourth measure contains a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The eighty-fifth measure is a whole note D-1. The eighty-sixth measure contains a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The eighty-seventh measure consists of a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The eighty-eighth measure contains a quarter note D-1, a quarter note C-1, and a quarter note B-1. The eighty-ninth measure is a whole note A-1. The ninetieth measure contains a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The hundredth measure consists of a quarter note D-1, a quarter note C-1, and a quarter note B-1. The hundred-first measure contains a quarter note A-1, a quarter note G-1, and a quarter note F-1. The hundred-second measure is a whole note G-1. The hundred-third measure contains a quarter note F-1, a quarter note E-1, and a quarter note D-1. The hundred-fourth measure consists of a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The hundred-fifth measure contains a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The hundred-sixth measure is a whole note D-1. The hundred-seventh measure contains a quarter note C-1, a quarter note B-1, and a quarter note A-1. The hundred-eighth measure consists of a quarter note G-1, a quarter note F-1, and a quarter note E-1. The hundred-ninth measure contains a quarter note D-1, a quarter note C-1, and a quarter note B-1. The hundred-tieth measure is a whole note A-1.

A musical score for the bass part of "The Rose Tree". The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of eighth notes and quarter notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff.

of the Lord; And if we o - bey His call to - day, He

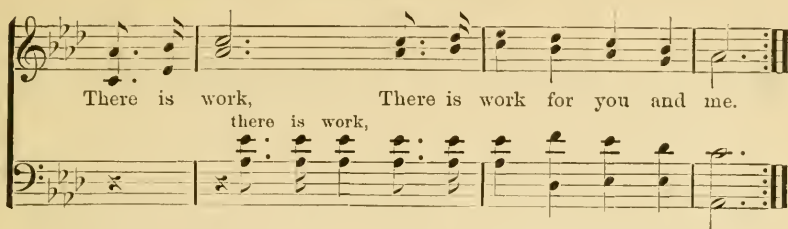
The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four measures. The first measure contains a half note G4 and a half note E4. The second measure contains a half note D4 and a half note B3, with a repeat sign (double bar line with two dots) before the notes. The third measure contains a half note A3 and a half note F#3, also with a repeat sign before the notes. The fourth measure contains a half note E3 and a half note D3. The system ends with a final bar line.

will our toil re - ward. There is work, there is work,  
There is work, there is work,

Unison.

There is work for all, Both great and small; There is work, There is work,

## There is Work for All.—Concluded.



2 There is peace for all,  
Both great and small,  
In the pow'r of Jesus' blood;  
Perfect peace have they  
Who calmly stay  
Their hearts and minds on God.  
There is peace, there is peace,  
There is peace for all,  
Both great and small;  
There is peace, there is peace,  
There is peace for you and me.

3 There is joy for all,  
Both great and small,  
In the service of our King;  
In the Holy Ghost  
We make our boast  
And songs of triumph sing.

There is joy, there is joy,  
There is joy for all,  
Both great and small;  
There is joy, there is joy,  
There is joy for you and me.

4 There is rest for all,  
Both great and small,  
In the Saviour's boundless love;  
Soon the Lord will come  
And take us home  
To reign with Him above.  
There is rest, there is rest;  
There is rest for all,  
Both great and small;  
There is rest, there is rest,  
There is rest for you and me.

## Feed My Lambs.

### MOTTO EXERCISE.

(FOR ELEVEN SCHOLARS.)

**F**EED them as a lamb.—Hosea 4. 16.

**E**ACH one resembled the child of a king.—Judges 8. 18.

**E**VEN a child is known by his doings.—Prov. 20. 2.

**D**AVID therefore besought God for the child.—2 Sam. 12. 16.

**M**Y children walk in truth.—3 John 4.

**Y**E are of God, little children.—1 John 4. 4.

**L**ET the children first be filled.—Mark 7. 27.

**A**LL thy children shall be taught of the Lord.—Isa. 54. 13.

**M**Y sheep hear my voice.—John 10. 27.

**B**E glad, then, ye children.—Joel 2. 23.

**S**EARCH diligently for the young child.—Matt. 2. 8.

## No. 74.

## Call Them In.

ANNA SHIPTON.

(QUARTETTE)

S. V. R. FORD.

1. "Call them in," the poor, the wretched, sin-stained wan - d'ers

The first system of music is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a series of chords in the right hand.

from the fold; Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer; can you

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal melody has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

weigh their worth with gold? "Call them in," the weak, the

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal melody has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

wea - ry, la - den with the doom of sin; Bid them

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal melody has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

come and rest with Je - sus, He is wait-ing, "Call them in."

The fifth system concludes the piece. The vocal melody has a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

## Call Them In.—Concluded.

### CHORUS.

Call them in, Call them in; Call them

in, the weak, the wea-ry, La - den with the doom of sin; Bid them

come and rest with Je - sus, He is wait - ing, "Call them in."

- 2 "Call them in," the Jew, the Gentile, bid the stranger to the feast;  
 "Call them in," the rich and noble, from the highest to the least.  
 Forth the Father runs to meet them, He hath all their sorrows seen;  
 Robe and ring and royal sandals wait the lost ones, "Call them in."—*Ref.*
- 3 "Call them in," the broken-hearted, cowering 'neath the brand of shame,  
 Speak love's message low and tender, 'Twas for sinners Jesus came.  
 See! the shadows lengthen round us, soon the day-dawn will begin;  
 Can you leave them lost and lonely? Christ is coming! "Call them in."—*Ref.*
- 4 "Call them in," the little children, tarrying far away, away,  
 Wait, O, wait not for to-morrow; Christ would have them come to-day.  
 Follow on! the Lamb is leading! He has conquered, we shall win;  
 Bring the halt and blind to Jesus; He will heal them, "Call them in."—*Ref.*
- 5 "Call them in," and swell the chorus of the angels' song above;  
 Hark! they sing a Saviour's glory and a Father's changeless love;  
 O'er salvation's sealed ones watching, tho' a veil doth float between,  
 Holy Spirit, by Thy power, call, O call the wanderers in!—*Ref.*

## No. 75.

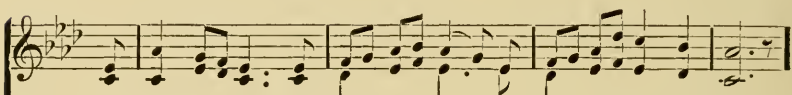
## Hosanna to our King.

MONTGOMERY.

S. V. R. FORD.



1. Ho - san - na, be the children's song, To Christ, the children's King;



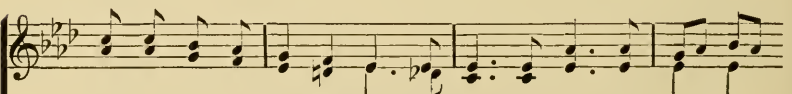
His praise, to whom our souls be - long, Let all the chil-dren sing.



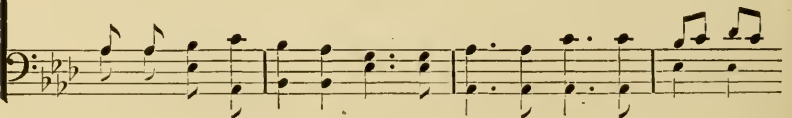
## CHORUS.



Ho - san - na, then, our song shall be; Ho - san - na to our

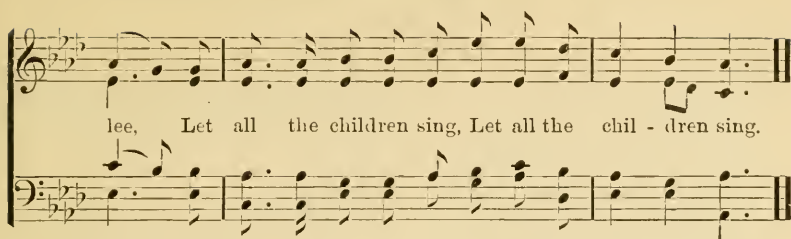


King, Ho - san - na to our King! This is the chil-dren's ju - bi -



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## Hosanna to our King.—Concluded.



- 2 From little ones to Jesus brought,  
Hosanna now be heard;  
Let little infants now be taught  
To hsp that lovely word.—*Cho.*
- 3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,  
And spread from plain to plain,  
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,  
Woods echo to the strain.—*Cho.*
- 4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,  
O'er earth and ocean fly,  
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,  
And heaven to earth, reply.—*Cho.*

## Daisy's Prayer.

Darling little Daisy,  
With her golden hair,  
Sitting at the table  
In her own high chair,  
Closed her dewy eyelids  
Over blue eyes bright;  
Dropped the golden lashes  
Over cheeks so white.  
Bending o'er the table,  
Little head so fair;  
Daisy's supper's waiting  
Till she says her prayer.  
So she clasps her fingers,  
As when wont to pray;  
"O, dear me," sighs Daisy,  
"What does papa say?"  
Lower bows her forehead  
O'er the table then;

And she wispers softly,  
"Jesus' sake, Amen."

Darling little Daisy,  
With your winsome face,  
May the blessed Saviour  
Daily give you grace!

May you never venture  
Any path to take,  
Till you ask God's blessing  
For dear Jesus' sake.

When the light of childhood  
Shall have left your brow,  
May your faith in Jesus  
Be as pure as now?

From all sin and wandering  
May good angels keep!  
And at last in Jesus  
May she fall asleep.

*Selected.*



# Your Mission.

(ELLEN H. GATES)

## RECITATION AND SONG.

(FOR SIX SCHOLARS.)

### *First Scholar:*

If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them  
As they launch their boats away.

For if there be first a willing mind, it  
is accepted according to that a man hath,  
and not according to that he hath not.

### *Second Scholar:*

If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley,  
While the multitude go by;  
You can chant in happy measure,  
As they slowly pass along;  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing  
unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless His name;  
show forth His salvation from day to  
day.

Declare His glory among the heathen,  
His wonders among all people.

### *Third Scholar:*

If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready to command;  
If you cannot toward the needy  
Reach an ever open hand,  
You can visit the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep;  
You can be a true disciple  
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

They that sow in tears shall reap in  
joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing  
precious seed, shall doubtless come  
again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves  
with him.

### *Fourth Scholar:*

If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaf,  
Many a grain both ripe and golden  
Will the careless reapers leave;  
Go and glean among the briers,  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that their shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Also I heard the voice of the Lord,  
saying, Whom shall I send, and who  
will go for us? Then said I, Here am I;  
send me.

And He said, Go.

### *Fifth Scholar:*

If you cannot in the conflict  
Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,  
There's no work for you to do;  
When the battle-field is silent,  
You can go with careful tread,  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do  
it with thy might.

### *Sixth Scholar:*

Do not, then, stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do;  
Fortune is a lazy goddess,  
She will never come to you.  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare,  
If you want a field of labor,  
You can find it anywhere.

And the lord said unto the servant,  
Go out into the highways and hedges,  
and compel them to come in.

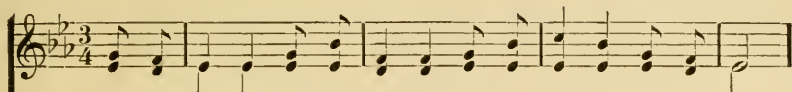
*The Six Scholars join in singing No. 76.*

## No. 76.

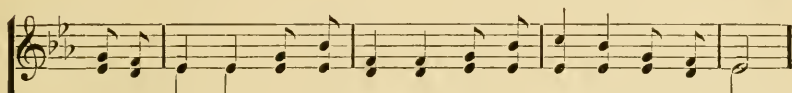
## Nettleton. 8s, 7s. D.

Rev. S. V. LEECH, D.D.

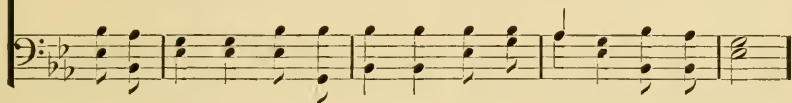
JOHN WYETH, 1823.



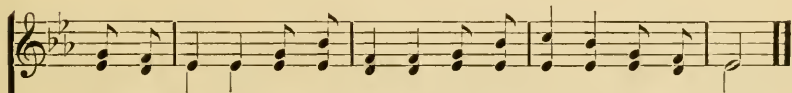
If you can-not in the pul - pit Preach a Saviour's dy - ing love;



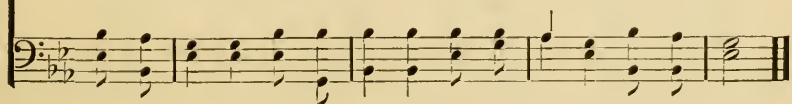
If you can - not point the mass-es To the realms of light a - bove;



You can teach neglect-ed children In the cit - y, vil - lage, town;



You can gath-er from the al - leys Jew-els for Im-man-uel's crown.



# No. 77. The Master Calleth Thee.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. The Mas-ter is come, lo! He call-eth for thee; Give heed to His

summons, "Come, fol-low thou me; Why stand ye here i-dle? No

long-er de-lay, Go work in my vineyard while yet 'tis to-day."

## REFRAIN.

Call-eth for thee,..... Call-eth for thee, for thee, Call-eth for

thee;..... The Mas-ter is come, lo! He call-eth for thee.  
thee, for thee;

## The Master Calleth Thee.—Concluded.

- 2 The harvest is great but the lab'ers are few;  
There's work to be done which thou only canst do;  
Go thrust in the sickle and gather the sheaves:  
Who worketh for Jesus full wages receives.—*Ref.*
- 3 Let nothing deter thee, nor sunshine nor storm;  
Not even an angel thy task can perform;  
Some sinner may perish for ever and aye,  
Whose soul thou could'st rescue by working to-day.—*Ref.*
- 4 For thee Jesus calleth with all that thou art;  
Thy time, thine affections, thy talent, thy heart;  
Thy silver and gold on the altar lay down;  
Give all to the Master, He'll give thee thy crown.—*Ref.*

### No. 78.

### Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

# No. 79. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(Tune—MARTYN.)

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }  
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }  
 D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:  
 Leave, O leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me:  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thon, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness:  
 False and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin:  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thon of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee:  
 Spring Thon up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

NOTE.—The history of the immortal tune, *Martyn*, has never been published, so far as the author of this little volume is aware; indeed, it is doubtful whether it is known to a score of people. Out of regard to the memory of the sainted Marsh, from whom the writer acquired a knowledge of the rudiments of vocal music, the following is given as the true version of the circumstances which led to the production of this sublime composition: Simeon Butler Marsh was for many years a resident of Schenectady, New York, his vocation being that of a teacher of vocal music. He was especially devoted to the instruction of children in the rudiments of music, and to this end organized juvenile singing classes, both in Schenectady and Amsterdam, N. Y., visiting the latter place once a week to train the class there formed. In the Summer of 1834, while on his way to Amsterdam, whither he went by his own conveyance, he halted in the shade of a tree by the road-side to rest his horse. Needing an air to place on the black-board for the instruction of his class, he composed the melody of the tune "Martyn," jotting down the notes on a scrap of paper which he held on his knee. A few weeks thereafter he met his friend Dr. Thomas Hastings, who asked him what he had that was new. To this he replied by stating that he had nothing, excepting, perhaps, a simple melody composed for his juvenile class at Amsterdam. At the request of the Doctor he played it through, whereupon the former, being impressed with its beauty, asked him to write the harmony to it, which he did, and thus gave to the world a tune that will be sung throughout the earth till "time shall be no more." The tune was originally set to the hymn beginning, "Mary to the Saviour's tomb"—a favorite with Mr. Marsh—but was afterward happily wedded to Charles Wesley's immortal lyric, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." The writer loves to imagine that the union of these sublime compositions has led their sainted authors to "walk arm in arm in Paradise!"



# No. 80. Saviour, who Thy Flock.

Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Sav-iour, who Thy flock art feeding, With the Shepherd's kindest care;

All the fee - ble gen - tly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share.

## REFRAIN.

Gen - tle Shepherd, Gen-tle Shepherd, In Thy bo - som fold the lambs.

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- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in Thy gracious arm,  
There, we know, Thy words believing,  
Only there, secure from harm.—*Ref.*
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey;  
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them thro' life's dangerous way.—*Ref.*
- 4 Then within Thy fold eternal.  
Let them find a resting-place,  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.—*Ref.*



## No. 81.

## Why Not I?

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Lit - tle birds their Mak - er praise, Why not I? Why not I?

Songs of grat - i - tude they raise, Why not I? Why not I?

## REFRAIN.

He who notes the sparrow's fall, Is my Lord, my life, my all;

'Twas for me He came to die, Who should praise Him, if not I?

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2 Little birds are free from care,  
 Why not I? Why not I?  
 Happy all the day they are,  
 'Why not I? Why not I?—*Ref.*

3 Little birds are free from sin,  
 Why not I? Why not I?  
 Pure and innocent within,  
 Why not I? Why not I?—*Ref.*

## Only a Meadow Lily.

"Only a meadow lily!" And with scorn  
The maiden dashed the floret to the dust,  
Her speech betraying unconcealed disgust  
With her whose childish feet, at early morn,  
Had roamed the fields till joyfully she found  
A floral gift worthy the gratitude  
Of her whose manner, heartless, base and rude,  
Crushed both the gift and giver to the ground.

Only a meadow lily, yet behold  
The care displayed in its embellishment:  
God reaches down his hand omnipotent  
And flecks its petals, decked in spotless gold,  
With art divine, to finite skill unknown;  
So far transcending human sense or thought,  
That regal robes, by earth's great artists wrought,  
Pale, and confess their splendor all outshone.

Only a meadow lily, growing wild;  
Yet 'tis the pride and glory of the lea;  
Its sweets attract the honey-seeking bee;  
Its beauty wins the rapture of the child.  
But if, perchance, no human eye bestows  
A favoring glance upon its humble form,  
God sees it in the sunshine and the storm,  
And guards it as he guards the fairest rose.

Only a meadow lily of a day,  
For on the morrow it shall droop and die;  
Yet He whose glory fills the earth and sky,  
Adorns a flower which blooms but to decay.  
Then, doubting soul, hear what the Scripture saith—  
The Christ who shared with us life's weary lot—  
"If God so clothe the lily shall he not  
Much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

### *The 128th Psalm.*

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways.  
For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands: happy shalt thou be, and it shall  
be well with thee.  
Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children  
like olive plants round about thy table.  
Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord.  
The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion: and thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem  
all the days of thy life.  
Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children, and peace upon Israel.

# No. 82. The Flower Girl's Appeal.

(SECULAR.)

S. V. R. FORD.

SOP. & ALTO DUET.

1. In the twi - light of the

morning, when the birds sang in the bowers, Thro' the dales and dells we

wan - dered, pluck - ing fair and love - ly flowers; There bright

daf - fo - dils un - fold - ing, graced the landscape far a - way With their

## The Flower Girl's Appeal.—Concluded.

beauty, and gave greeting to the rising King of day.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef and contains the melody. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef and provide harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'beauty, and gave greeting to the rising King of day.' are written below the top staff.

Buy, O buy our daffodils, Bright daffodils, pretty daffodils;  
Buy, O buy our violets, Sweet violets, charming violets;  
Buy, O buy our buttercups, Fair buttercups, golden buttercups;

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef and contains the melody. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef and provide harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

Buy, O buy our daffodils, Borrowed from the beauteous hills.  
Buy, O buy our violets, Gathered by the rivulets.  
Buy, O buy our buttercups, Whence the bee its honey sips.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef and contains the melody. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef and provide harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

- 2 In ravines where solemn silence sits enthroned, nor sound is heard,  
Save the sighing of the zephyr and the voice of forest bird,  
There sweet violets we gathered by the laughing, sparkling brooks,  
As we roamed from vale to hill-side through the shady dells and nooks.
- 3 Through the green and fragrant meadows where the lark, concealed from view,  
Shields her young and tender birdlings 'gainst the morning damp and dew,  
There 'mid clover blossoms roaming, golden buttercups were seen,  
Towering in their queenly beauty far above the meadow's green.

## No. 83.

## Looking Up.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. When the tem - pest fierce is raging, and the bil - lows o'er us roll;

When the foe his war - fare waging threatens to de - stroy the soul;

When the night - ly ter - ror meets us, and the ar - rows round us fly,

Je - sus' lov - ing message greets us, "Your re - demption draweth nigh."

## CHORUS.

Look - ing up toward the cit - y out of sight,

Look - ing up

## Looking Up.—Concluded.

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, pre - pared for you and me;

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Look - ing up toward the man-sions fair and bright;

Look - ing up

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a half note G5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'Look - ing up' are placed below the bass staff, aligned with the first two measures of this system.

Though now our eyes are hold - en, by faith our home we see.

The third and final system of musical notation. The treble staff concludes the melody with a half note G5, a quarter note F5, a quarter note E5, and a half note D5. The bass staff concludes the accompaniment. The lyrics 'Though now our eyes are hold - en, by faith our home we see.' are placed below the treble staff.

- 2 Oft we ask how self-denials can promote our final good,  
And we wonder how our trials prove God's loving Fatherhood;  
Still God's love our faith is wooing, and when faith is lost in sight  
We shall know that he was doing for his children what was right.—*Cho.*
- 3 What are all our bitter crosses if we conquer self and sin;  
What are all our earthly losses if the crown of life we win;  
Though on beds of pain we languish, though our tears be never dry,  
We may sing in all our anguish, our redemption draweth nigh!—*Cho.*
- 4 O the ecstasy of meeting with the loved ones gone before;  
O the rapture of the greeting over on the other shore;  
We shall see the King of glory, we shall reign with Him above,  
While we sing the grand old story of redeeming grace and love.—*Cho.*



## No. 84.

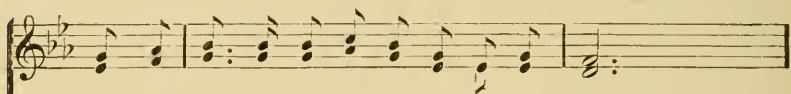
## Soldiers of the King.

S. V. R. F.

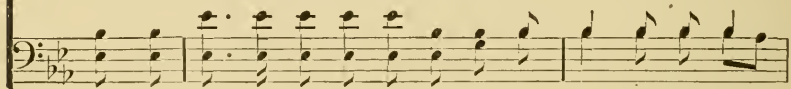
S. V. R. FORD.



1. We are sol - diers in the ar - my of Je - ho - vah,



And we're un - der' marching or - ders from our King;



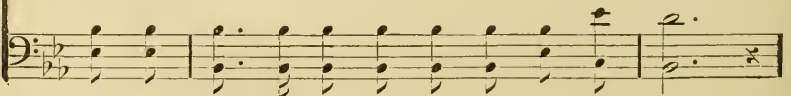
from our King;



Christ has prom - ised in His word to go be - fore us,



He will lead us on to vic - t'ry while we sing.



## Soldiers of the King.—Concluded.

### REFRAIN.

March - ing, march - ing, March - ing 'neath the  
 March - ing, march-ing 'neath the ban - ner, March - ing 'neath the  
 ban - ner of the cross; March - ing,  
 ban - ner, 'neath the ban - ner of the cross; Marching, marching  
 march - ing.  
 for our Cap - tain, For our Cap - tain, counting all but loss.

- 2 Just and holy is our cause, and yet the conflict  
 May be fierce and long, for mighty is the foe;  
 Where the Saviour leads us we will gladly follow,  
 Trusting in the Lord Jehovah as we go.—*Ref.*
- 3 O what joy to know that in this mighty warfare  
 Jesus and His trusted soldiers always win!  
 O what bliss to meet around the throne in glory  
 With the millions who have conquered self and sin.—*Ref.*

## The Laugh of a Child.

I love it, I love it—the laugh of a child;  
 Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;  
 Ringing out in the air with its innocent gush,  
 Like the thrill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;  
 Floating up in the breeze like the tones of a bell,  
 Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell;  
 O the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,  
 Is the merriest sound in the world for me.

Selected.

## No. 85.

## Gracious Saviour.

JAMES E. LEESON and J. WHITTEMORE.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Gra - cious Sav - iour, gen - tle Shepherd, Lit - tle ones are

dear to Thee; Gath - ered with Thine arms, and car - ried

In Thy bo - som may we be; Sweet - ly, fond - ly,

safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan - ger free.

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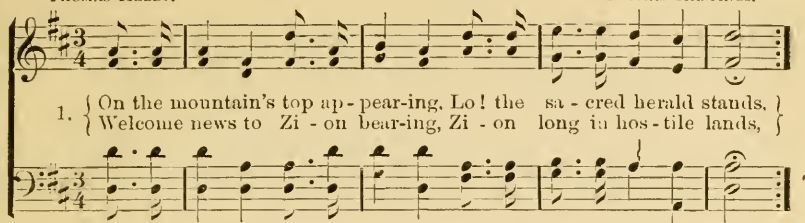
2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us  
 From Thy fold to go astray;  
 By Thy look of love directed  
 May we walk the narrow way;  
 Thus direct us, and protect us,  
 Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Taught to lisp the holy praises  
 Which on earth Thy children sing,  
 Both with lips and hearts unfeigned  
 May we our thank-offerings bring;  
 Then with all Thy saints in glory  
 Join to praise our Lord and King.

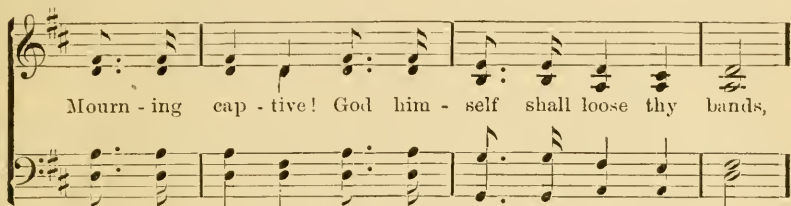
# No. 86. On the Mountain's Top Appearing.

THOMAS KELLY.

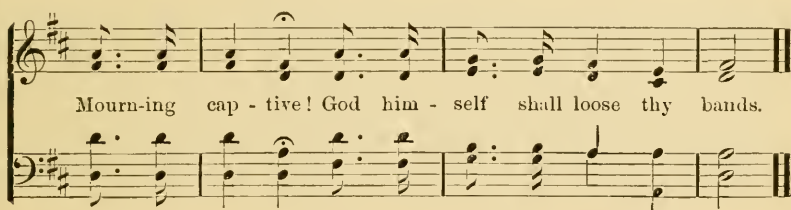
THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred herald stands, }  
 { Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands, }



Mourn-ing cap-tive! God him-self shall loose thy bands,



Mourn-ing cap-tive! God him-self shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 ||: Cease thy mourning;  
 Zion still is well beloved. :||

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
 He Himself appears thy Friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
 ||: Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send. :||

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;  
 All thy warfare now is past;  
 God thy Saviour will defend thee;  
 Victory is thine at last:  
 ||: All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest. :||

## No. 87.

## This Glad Jubilee.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Hap - py are we as we gath - er to - day, Joy-bells are ring-ing,

hear what they say: "Come, children, come to this glad ju - bi - lee;

## CHORUS.

Come with your hearts full of mirth and glee." Songs of de - vo - tion to

Je - sus we raise, Earth shall re-sound with our anthems of praise!

*Repeat Chorus ad lib.*

High as the heav'ns let the mel-o-dy ring, Glo-ry to Christ our King!

## This Glad Jubilee.—Concluded.

- 2 Tokens of love from our Father in heaven—  
Mercies abounding daily are given;  
Blessings as countless as stars of the night  
Flow, full and free, from His throne of light.—*Cho.*
- 3 Leaning for safety on God's mighty arm,  
Daily He keeps us free from all harm;  
O'er us His banner is spread while we sleep;  
Angels from glory their vigils keep.—*Cho.*
- 4 Now to the Saviour our vows we renew,  
Ever to serve Him, faithful and true;  
Then, in the chorus of heav'n's jubilee,  
Glory to Jesus our song shall be!—*Cho.*

## Deeds of Kindness.

(RECITATION FOR THREE LITTLE GIRLS.)

- First.* Suppose the little cowslip  
Should hang its golden cup,  
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,  
I'd better not grow up."  
How many a weary traveler  
Would miss its fragrant smell;  
How many a little child would grieve  
To lose it from the dell.
- Second.* Suppose the glistening dew-drop  
Upon the grass should say,  
"What can a little dew-drop do?  
I'd better roll away;"  
The blade on which it rested,  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it  
Would wither in the sun.
- Third.* Suppose the little breezes,  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too small to cool  
The traveler on his way;  
Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,  
And think they made a great mistake  
If they were talking so?
- All.* How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do,  
Although it has so little strength,  
And little wisdom too;  
It wants a loving spirit  
Much more than strength, to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others, by his love.

Selected.



## No. 88.

## Evening Prayer.

JAMES EDMESTON.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Saviour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere repose our spir-its seal;

Sin and want we come con-fessing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though de-struction walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly;

An-gel guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.

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2 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from thee:  
 Thou art he who, never weary,  
 Watchest where thy people be.  
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us  
 And our couch become our tomb,  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

# No. 89.

# America.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY. Ad. from Dr. JOHN BULL.

1. My coun - try 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the

pil-grim's pride, From ev - ery mount-ain side Let free - dom ring!

2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love:  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our Father's God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

# No. 90.

# The Bible.

ANON.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Precious treasure, thou art mine:

Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am.

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2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet;  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to show by living faith  
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
O thou precious book divine!  
Precious treasure! thou art mine.

## A Gift for Jesus.

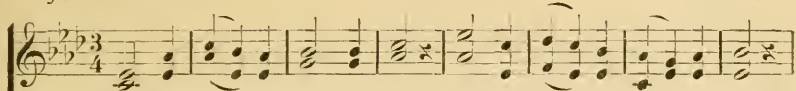
If on some pleasant summer day,  
Within your garden you should stray  
To seek a gift for mother dear,  
And find some blushing roses there,  
Would you select the faded one,  
With leaves and perfume almost gone?  
Ah, no! that bud so fresh and sweet  
The wishes of your heart would meet.

Then would you to your Saviour bring  
A faded, withered, worn-out thing?  
A heart by disappointment torn,  
Its youthful dew and beauty gone?  
Its perfume spent on desert air,  
Its love grown cold by earthly care?  
Then wait not for the noontide hour,  
But bring it in the opening flower.

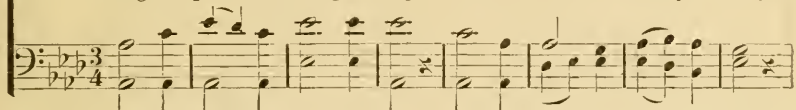
# No. 91. Songs of Praise the Angels Sang.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

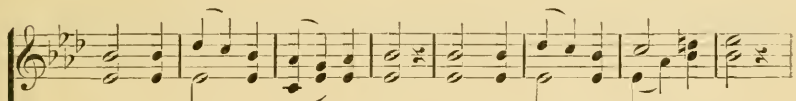
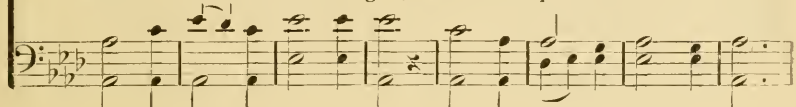
S. V. R. FORD.



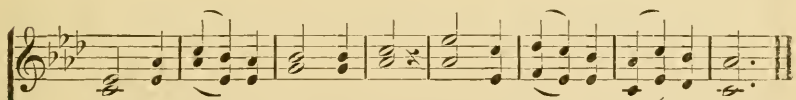
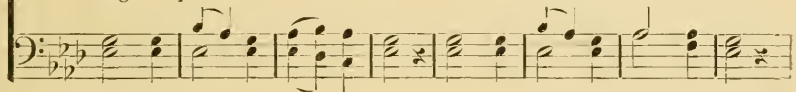
1. Songs of praise the an- gels sang, Heav'n with hal-le - lu - jahs rang;



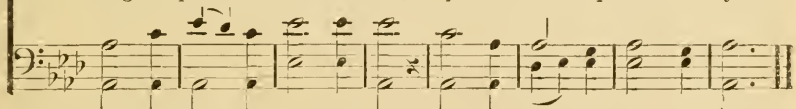
When Je - ho - vah's work be-gun, When He spake and it was done.



Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;



Songs of praise a - rose when He, Cap - tive led Cap - tiv - i - ty.



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2 Saints below with heart and voice  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.  
Borne upon the latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then amid eternal joy  
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

## No. 92.

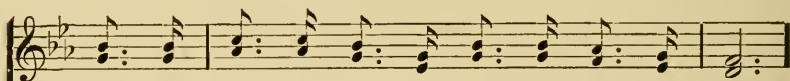
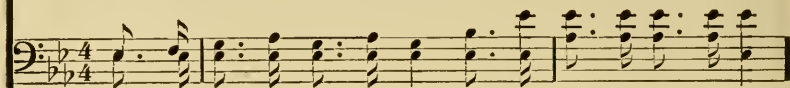
## Soldiers of the Cross.

S. V. R. F.

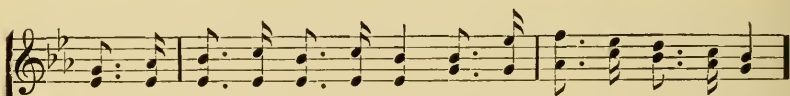
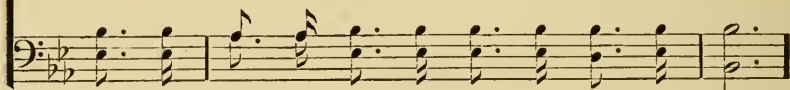
S. V. R. FORD.

*Not too fast.*

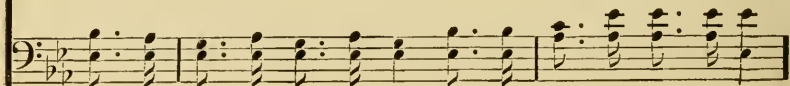
1. We are sol - diers of the cross, marching on to Zi - on's gates;  
 2. We will bat - tle for the right in the ar - my of the Lord,



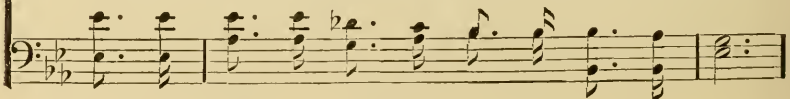
Mill - ions gone be - fore have won the vic - tor's crown;  
 And the cause of truth and right - eous-ness de - fend;



In the New Je - ru - sa - lem Christ, the King of Glo - ry, waits  
 Naught shall harm us if we trust in the prom - ise of His word:

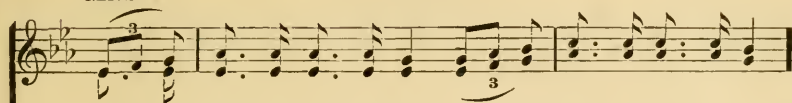


To re - ceive us when we lay our ar - mor down.  
 I am with you al - way, e - ven to the end.

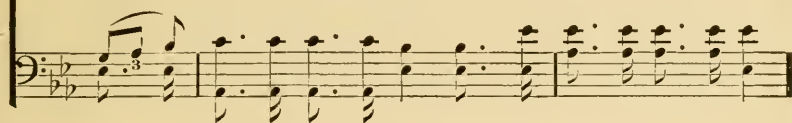


# Soldiers of the Cross.—Concluded.

## REFRAIN.



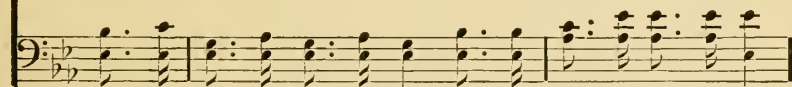
And our bat - tle - cry shall be, Christ the Lord and vic - to - ry,



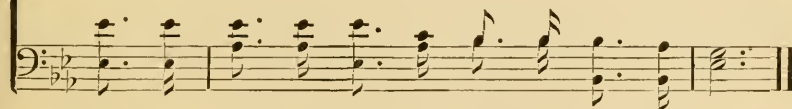
In His wor - thy name we'll tri - umph, tho' we die.



We shall con - quer in the strife, We shall win the crown of life,



And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er in the sky.



3 Trusting in the Lord of Hosts, though the conflict may be long,  
We shall conquer—Zion's warrior's ne'er retreat—  
Here we fight the fight of faith, there we'll sing the victor's song,  
When we lay our trophies down at Jesus' feet.—*Ref.*



## No. 93.

## Forever with the Lord.

MONTGOMERY.

(QUARTETTE.)

S. V. R. FORD.

1. For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men, so let it be!  
 2. For - ev - er with the Lord! Fa - ther, if 'tis Thy will,

Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 The prom - ise of that faith - ful word E'en here to me ful - fill.

Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam;  
 So, when my lat - est breath Shall rend the veil in twain.

Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.  
 By death I shall es - cape from death, And life e - ter - nal gain.

## Forever with the Lord.—Concluded.

### REFRAIN.

The musical score for the Refrain is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Near - er home, near - er home, Yet  
 Near - er home, near - er home, ..  
 night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.

## The Straying Lamb.

A little lamb went forth one day  
 To gambol in the fields, and play;  
 When soon, alas! it lost the way,  
 And to the desert wandered.

There, through the night, cold, dark and drear—  
 Hungry and faint, and filled with fear,  
 Without one ray of light to cheer,  
 The little lamb lay moaning.

Quickly the loving shepherd sought  
 The straying one, with peril fraught,  
 Until 'twas found, and then he brought  
 It back with great rejoicing.

And thus the Christ, in tender love,  
 Came from His throne in heaven above  
 To seek and save His lambs that rove  
 In paths of sin and folly.

Come to the fold of God's dear Son,  
 Nor hence depart, O straying one,  
 And you shall reign, when life is done,  
 With Jesus in His glory.

# No. 94. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD,

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN,

1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!

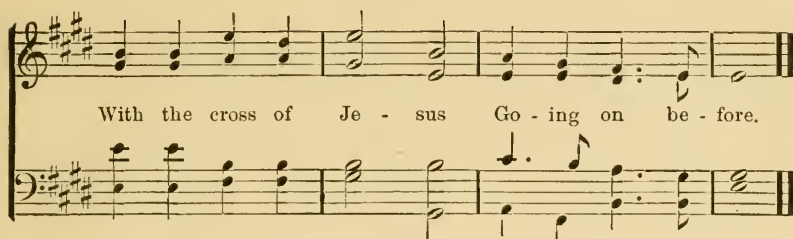
The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

## CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,

The chorus section begins with a new line of music. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

## Onward, Christian Soldiers!—Concluded.



2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.—*Cho.*

3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.—*Cho.*

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.—*Cho.*

5 Onward, then, ye people!  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph-song;  
Glory, laud, and honor  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.—*Cho.*

## Angels in the Air.

There is music in the air  
When Creation's anthems ring,  
And when Eden's bridal pair  
Wander where the fountains spring;  
Smiling lily, petals pale,  
There their sweet perfume exhale,  
Angel pinions beat the air,  
Making music everywhere.  
Sing then, children, loud and long.  
Help the angels swell their song;  
Let your hearts in tune compare  
With the angels in the air.

There is music in the air  
When the Saviour's birth is told,  
And the humble shepherds share  
Tidings from the upper fold.  
Peace on earth, good will toward men,  
Was the caroled anthem then;  
Joy in heaven the angels share  
When a sinner bows in prayer.  
Sing then, children, loud and long,  
Help the angels swell their song;  
Let your hearts in tune compare  
With the angels in the air.

A. B. COLLINS.

## No. 95.

## Harvest Song.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

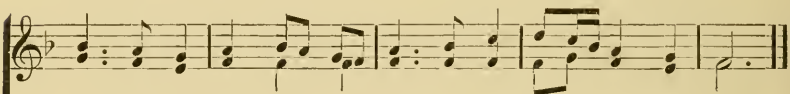
HENRY CAREY.



1. The God of har - vest praise; In loud thanks - giv - ing raise



Hand, heart and voice; The val - leys laugh and sing, For-ests and



mountains ring, The plains their trib-ute bring, The streams re - joice.



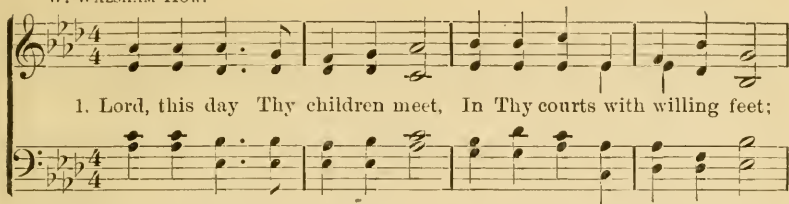
2 Yea, bless His holy name,  
And joyful thanks proclaim  
Through all the earth;  
To glory in your lot  
Is comely,—but be not  
God's benefits forgot,  
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;  
Hands, hearts, and voices raise  
With one accord;  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song  
Bless ye the Lord.

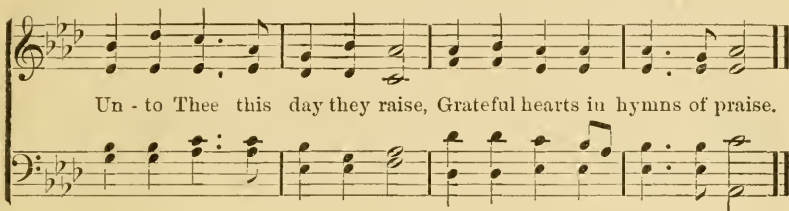
# No. 96.

# Grateful Praise.

W. WALSHAM HOW.



1. Lord, this day Thy children meet, In Thy courts with willing feet;



Un - to Thee this day they raise, Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

2 Not alone the day of rest  
With Thy worship shall be blest;  
In our pleasure and our glee,  
Lord, we would remember Thee.

4 All our pleasures here below,  
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow.  
Little children thou dost love;  
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

3 Help us unto Thee to pray,  
Hallowing our happy day;  
From Thy presence thus to win  
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine,  
With all lowly grace, like Thine;  
Then, through all eternity,  
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

## The Boy and the Lark.

Who taught you to sing,  
My sweet pretty birds?  
Who tuned your beautiful throats?  
You make all the woods  
And the valleys to ring;  
You bring the first news  
Of the earliest spring,  
With your loud and silvery notes.

It was God, said a lark,  
As he rose from the earth;  
He gives the good we enjoy:  
He painted our wings,  
He gave us our voice,  
He finds us our food,  
He bids us rejoice—  
Good morning, my beautiful boy!

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

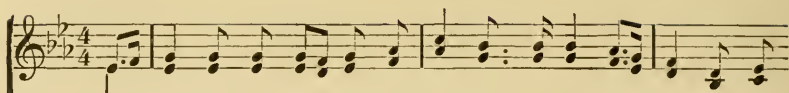


## No. 97.

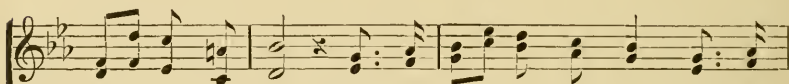
## I Think When I Read.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE.

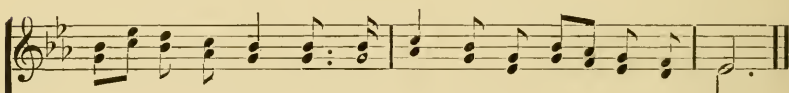
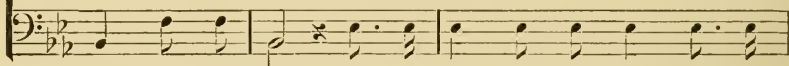
English.



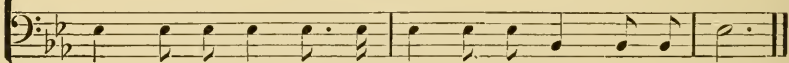
1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was



here a-mong men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as



lambs to His fold; I should like to have been with them then.



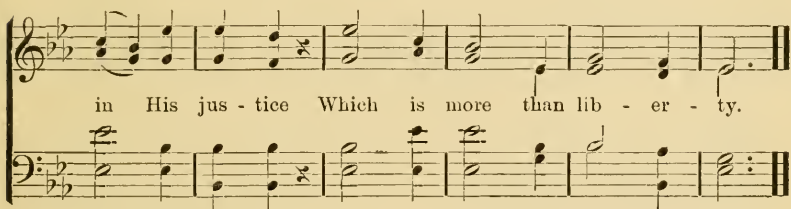
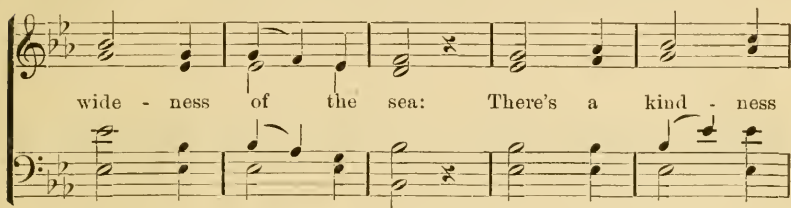
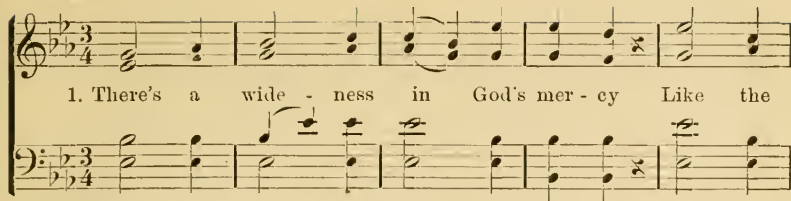
2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind looks when He said,  
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love;  
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above:—

4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven:  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

F. W. FABER.

S. V. R. FORD.



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2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour;  
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

## The Apostles Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

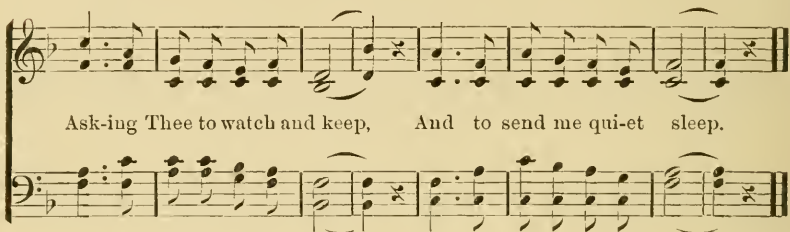
I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

# No. 99.

# Vespers.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

German Evening Hymn.



2 Jesus, Saviour, wash away,  
All that has been wrong to-day;  
Help me every day to be  
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

3 Let my near and dear ones be,  
Always near and dear to Thee;  
O bring me and all I love  
To Thy happy home above.

4 Now my evening praise I give;  
Thou didst die that I might live,  
All my blessings come from Thee,  
O how good Thou art to me!

5 Thou my best and kindest Friend,  
Thou wilt love me to the end!  
Let me love Thee more and more,  
Always better than before.

## The Ten Commandments.

PUT INTO SHORT AND EASY RHYMES FOR CHILDREN.

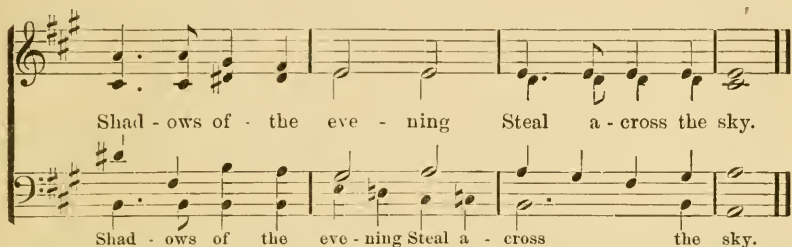
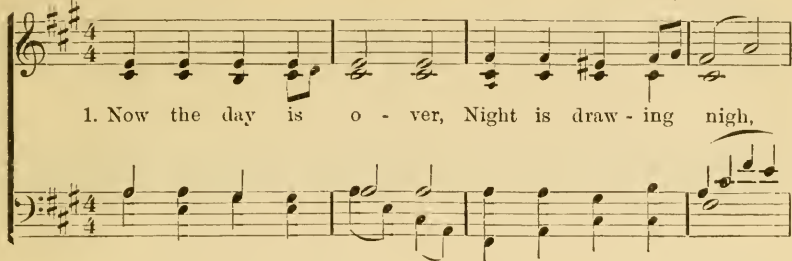
1. Thou shalt have no more gods but me.
2. Before no idol bend thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Dare not the Sabbath day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Steal not, though thou be poor and mean.
9. Make not a willful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.

Shorter Catechism.

# No. 100. Now the Day is Over.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

J. BARNBY.



2 Jesus give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With Thy tend'rest blessing  
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee,  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep blue sea

4 Through the long night-watches  
May Thine Angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure and fresh and sinless  
In Thy Holy Eyes.

## Prayer.

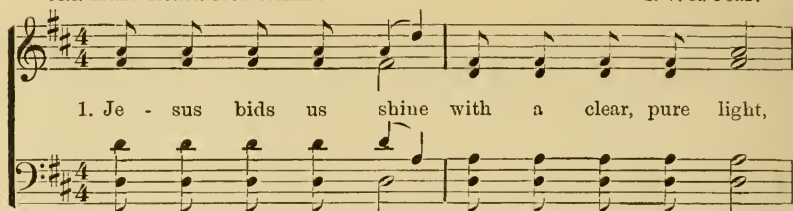
Dear Lord Jesus, the great Friend of little children, grant us Thy blessing; and teach us to know Thee, and to love Thee. We are sure that Thou art with us now, to hear our prayer. Help each little child to say from the heart: Lord Jesus, be my friend; help me to obey the commandments, and try in all things to please Thee. Forgive us all that we have done wrong, and let us begin anew now. From this hour let us be Thine alone; and in Heaven may we all be found at last, not one wanting; there to rejoice with Thee forever. *Amen.*

## No. 101.

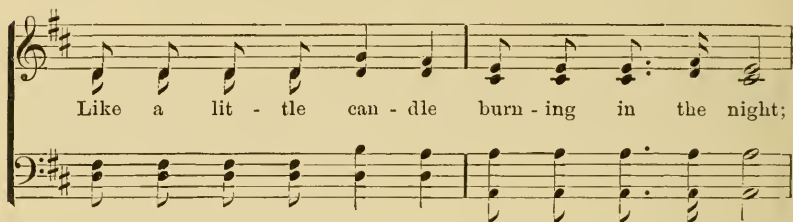
## Jesus Bids Us Shine.

Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

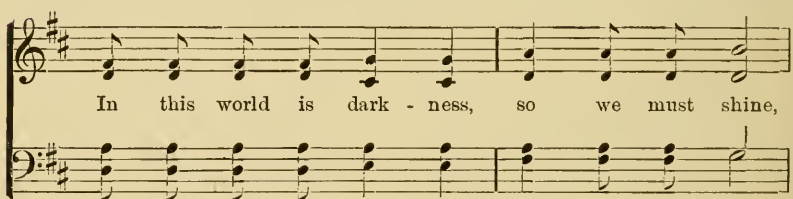
S. V. R. FORD.



1. Je - sus bids us shine with a clear, pure light,



Like a lit - tle can - dle burn - ing in the night;



In this world is dark - ness, so we must shine,



You in your cor - ner, and I in mine.

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- 2 Jesus bids us shine, first of all for Him;  
Well He sees and knows it if our light is dim;  
He looks down from heaven to see us shine,  
You in your corner, and I in mine.
- 3 Jesus bids us shine, then, for all around;  
Many kinds of darkness in the world are found;  
Sin, and want and sorrow: so we must shine,  
You in your corner, and I in mine.

## No. 102.

## Coronation.

PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 Ye ransomed from the fall,  
 ||:Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him Lord of all! :||

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
 ||:Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
 And crown Him Lord of all! :||

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 ||:To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him Lord of all! :||

5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at His feet may fall!  
 ||:We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown Him Lord of all! :||



# No. 103.

# Saviour, Teach Me.

JANE E. LEESON.

ANON.

1. Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;

Sweet - er les - son can - not be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,  
At Thy bidding may I move;  
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in Thy grace,  
Learning how to live for Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love who first loved me.

## An Evening Prayer.

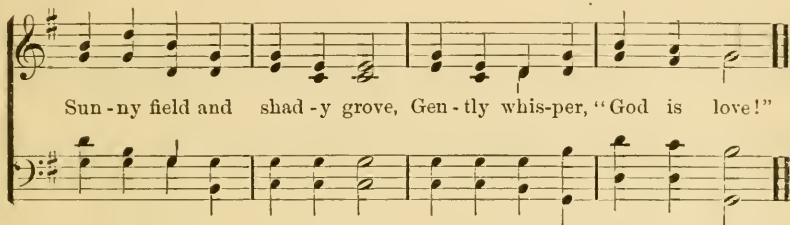
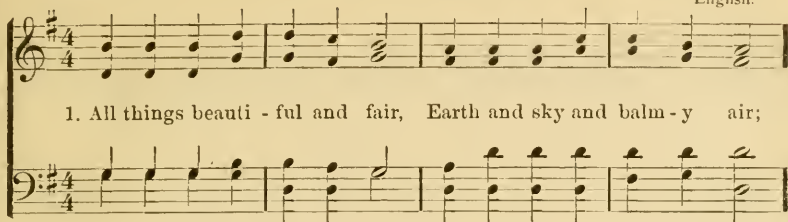
The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,  
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine:  
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep  
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,  
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;  
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,  
So that my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,  
No fears my soul's unwavering faith shall shake;  
All's well, whichever side the grave for me  
The morning light may break.

Selected.

English.



2 Every tree and flower we pass  
Every tuft and waving grass,  
Every leaf and opening bud,  
Seem to tell us "God is good."

3 Little streams that glide along,  
Verdant, mossy banks among,

Shadowing forth the clouds above,  
Softly murmur, "God is love."

4 He who dwelleth high in heaven,  
Unto us hath all things given;  
Let us, as through life we move,  
Ever feel that "God is love."

## God Careth for Me.

When I my evening prayer have said,  
And on my pillow lay my head,  
I fall asleep and fear no ill,  
For Jesus watches o'er me still.

I know that holy angels keep  
Their vigils o'er me while I sleep;  
For in God's word I read that He  
Will give them charge concerning me.

And though the night be dark and drear,  
I trust in God and feel no fear;  
But sweetly in His arms repose,  
Who neither sleep nor slumber knows.

And should it be His will to take  
My soul away before I wake,  
The breaking morn would greet mine eyes  
At God's right hand in Paradise.

# No. 105.      Something for the Lord.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. I am young, but I can do Some-thing for the Lord;

If my heart is right and true, Some-thing for the Lord.

Some-thing for the Lord, Some-thing for the Lord;

I am young, but I can do Some-thing for the Lord.

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2 I am young, but I can say  
 Something for the Lord;  
 While I walk the narrow way,  
 Something for the Lord.  
 Something for the Lord,  
 Something for the Lord;  
 I am young, but I can say  
 Something for the Lord.

3 I am young, but I can sing  
 Something for the Lord;  
 Songs of Christ, my Saviour, King,  
 Something for the Lord.

Something for the Lord,  
 Something for the Lord;  
 I am young, but I can sing  
 Something for the Lord.

4 I am young, but I can give  
 Something for the Lord;  
 He who died that I might live,  
 Something for the Lord.  
 Something for the Lord,  
 Something for the Lord;  
 I am young, but I can give  
 Something for the Lord.

## No. 106.

## Jesus is Mine.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Je - sus my Sav - iour is, Je - sus is mine;

No name so sweet as His, Je - sus is mine.

His blood was shed for me On the cross of Cal - va - ry;

Dy - ing to set me free— Je - sus is mine.

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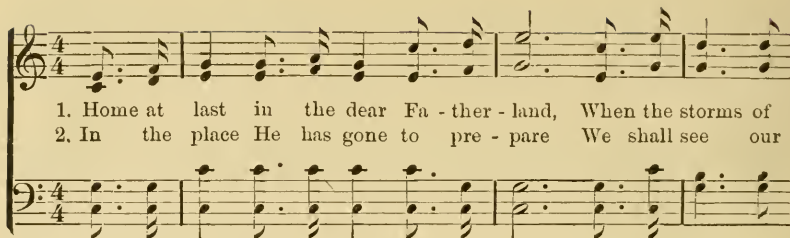
2 Jesus my comfort is,  
 Jesus is mine;  
 No peace so sweet as His—  
 Jesus is mine.  
 All, all to Him I bring;  
 Simply to His cross I cling,  
 O, how I love to sing,  
 Jesus is mine.

# No. 107.

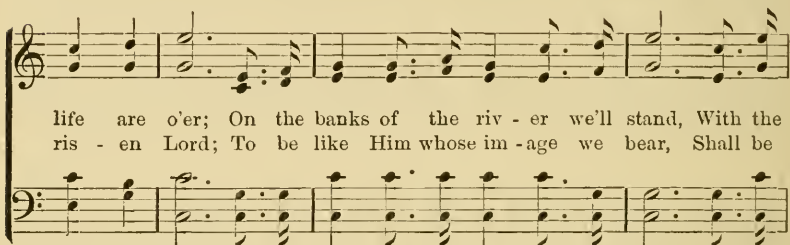
# Home at Last.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

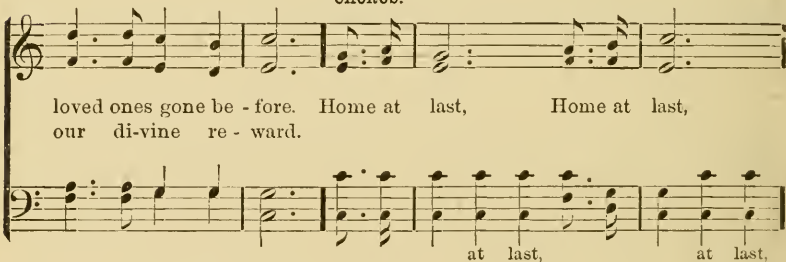


1. Home at last in the dear Fa - ther - land, When the storms of  
 2. In the place He has gone to pre - pare We shall see our

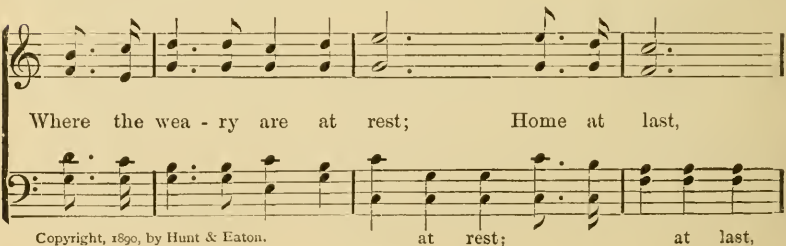


life are o'er; On the banks of the riv - er we'll stand, With the  
 ris - en Lord; To be like Him whose im - age we bear, Shall be

## CHORUS.



loved ones gone be - fore. Home at last, Home at last,  
 our di-vine re - ward.  
 at last, at last,



Where the wea - ry are at rest; Home at last,  
 at rest; at last,

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## Home at Last.—Concluded.

Home at last, In the mansions of the blest (of the blest).

blest.

3 In the temple of God we shall meet,  
To go out no more for aye;  
We shall walk through the bright golden street,  
In the realms of endless day.—*Cho.*

4 When our conflicts and trials are past  
We will lay our armor down;  
With the ransomed we'll sing "Home at last,"  
And receive the fadeless crown.—*Cho.*

## No. 108. The Morning Bright.

ANON.

(A PRAYER.)

S. V. R. FORD.

1. The morn-ing bright with ro - sy light Has waked me from my sleep;

Fa - ther, I own, Thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt & Eaton.

2 All through the day,  
I humbly pray,  
Be Thou my guard and guide;  
My sins forgive  
And let me live,  
Dear Jesus, near Thy side.

3 O make Thy rest  
Within my breast,  
Great Spirit of all grace;  
Make me like Thee,  
Then I shall be  
Prepared to see Thy face.



## No. 109.

## Lambs of Jesus' Fold.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. The lambs of Je - sus' fold He gath - ers with His arm;

On His dear bo - som they re - cline, Se - cure from ev - ery harm.

## REFRAIN.

Kind Shep-herd, kind Shep-herd, Thy lit - tle lambs are we;

O lead us by Thy Spir - it, And we will fol - low Thee.

Copyright, 1891, by Hunt &amp; Eaton.

2 No earthly shepherd takes  
Such kind and tender care  
Of lambs that by the wayside fall,  
To languish in despair.—*Ref.*

3 But, if the Saviour's lambs  
Fall by the way and die,  
He bears them to the fold above,  
To dwell with Him on high.—*Ref.*

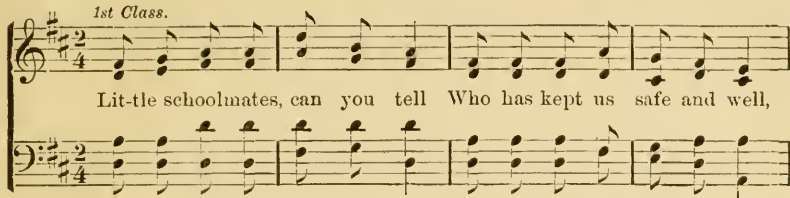
## No. 110.

## Can You Tell?

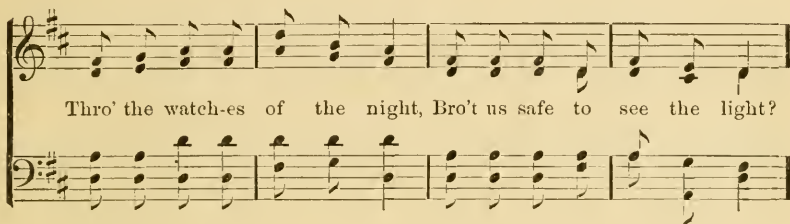
ANON.

(RESPONSIVE.)

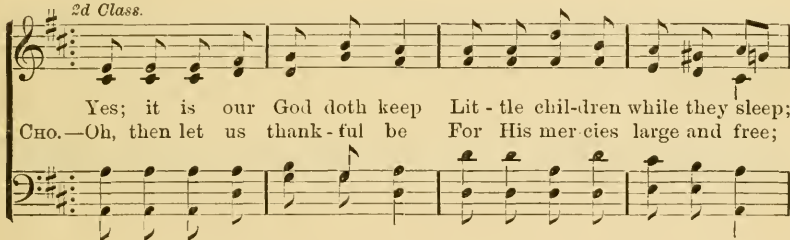
S. V. R. FORD.

*1st Class.*


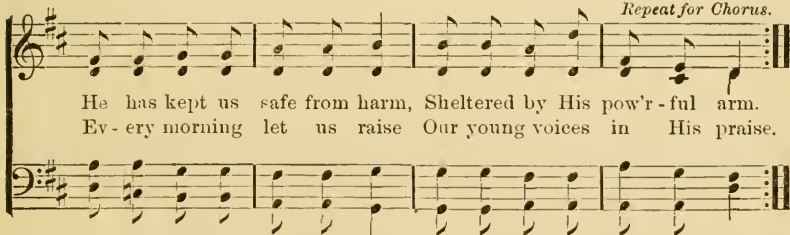
Lit-tle schoolmates, can you tell Who has kept us safe and well,



Thro' the watch-es of the night, Bro't us safe to see the light?

*2d Class.*


Yes; it is our God doth keep Lit - tle chil-dren while they sleep;  
CHO.—Oh, then let us thank-ful be For His mer-cies large and free;

*Repeat for Chorus.*


He has kept us safe from harm, Sheltered by His pow'r-ful arm.  
Ev-ery morning let us raise Our young voices in His praise.

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*1st Class.* Can you tell who gives us food,  
Clothes, and home, and parents good;  
Schoolmates dear, and teachers kind,  
Useful knowledge for the mind?

*2nd Class.* Yes; our heavenly Father's care  
Gives us all we eat and wear;  
All our books, and all our friends,  
God in kindness to us sends.—*Cho.*

## No. 111.

## Webb. 7, 6.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my shall He lead,

Till ev - ery foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

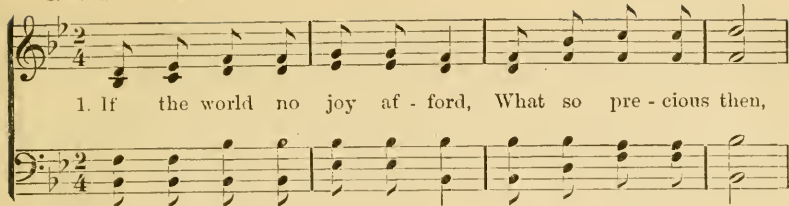
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To Him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

## No. 112.

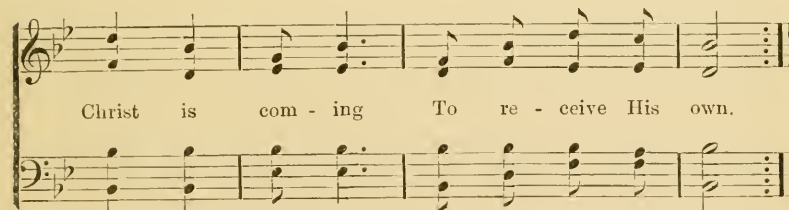
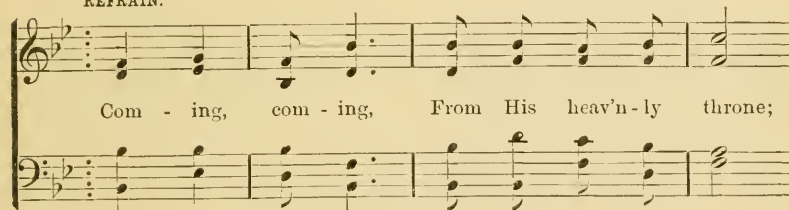
## I Will Come Again.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.



## REFRAIN.



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2 They shall reap a blest reward  
Who have faithful been,  
Through the promise of the Lord,  
"I will come again."—*Ref.*

3 Blessed they who in the Lord  
Rest from toil and pain,  
Trusting in His faithful word,  
"I will come again."—*Ref.*

3 There is glory in the word,  
"I will come again!"  
Even so, O blessed Lord,  
Quickly come, Amen.—*Ref.*

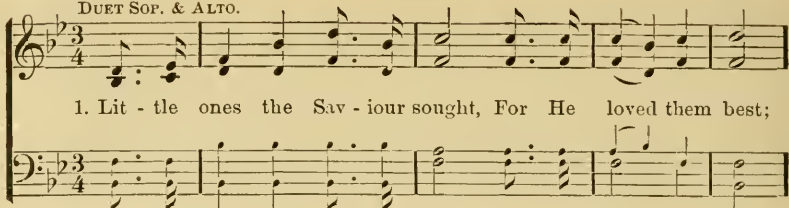
# No. 113.

# Jesus' Little Ones.

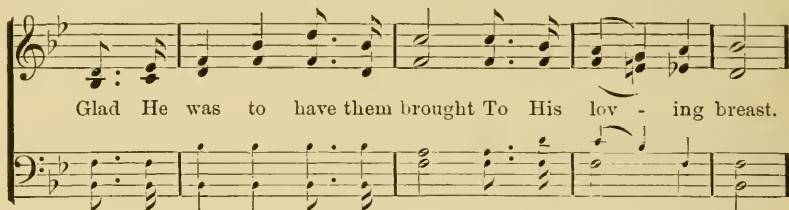
S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

DUET SOP. & ALTO.

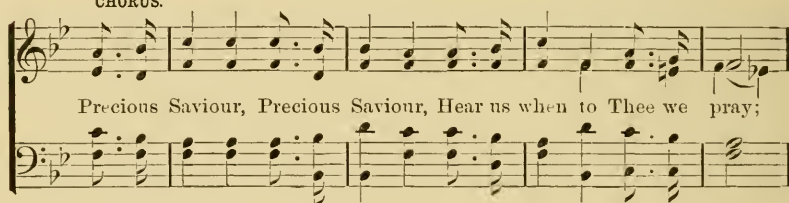


1. Lit - tle ones the Sav - iour sought, For He loved them best;

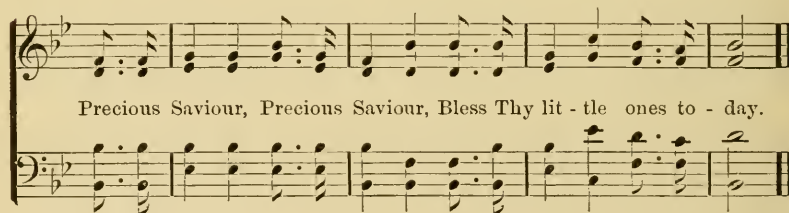


Glad He was to have them brought To His lov - ing breast.

CHORUS.



Precious Saviour, Precious Saviour, Hear us when to Thee we pray;



Precious Saviour, Precious Saviour, Bless Thy lit - tle ones to - day.

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2 Jesus notes the smallest tear,  
Hears the faintest sigh  
Of His children, and is near  
When to Him they cry.—*Cho.*

3 Tho' He reigns, the King of kings  
On His holy hill,  
Joy to little ones He brings,  
For He loves them still —*Cho.*

4 Little ones, a shining throng,  
Round the throne above,  
Celebrate in sweetest song,  
Jesus' deathless love.—*Cho.*

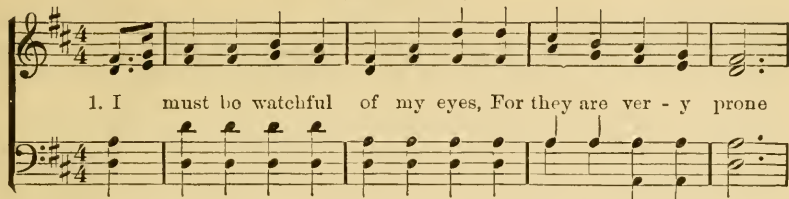
# No. 114.

# I Must be Watchful.

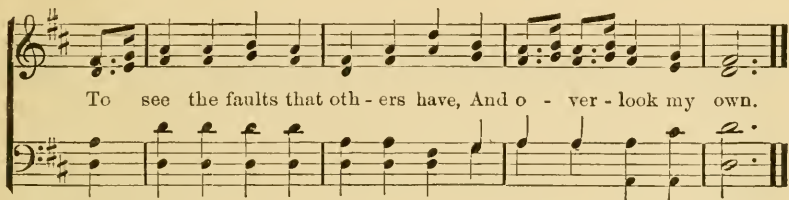
Unknown.

(MOTION SONG.)

S. V. R. FORD.



1. I must be watchful of my eyes, For they are ver - y prone



To see the faults that oth - ers have, And o - ver - look my own.

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2 I must be watchful of my lips,  
For idle words may prove  
As poisoned arrows, that may sting  
And wound the hearts I love.

3 I must be watchful of my feet,  
For they are prone to stray,  
In every path of wickedness  
Where Satan leads the way.

4 I must be watchful of my hands,  
For they are full of might  
To do the wrong, and oftentimes seem  
Unable to do right.

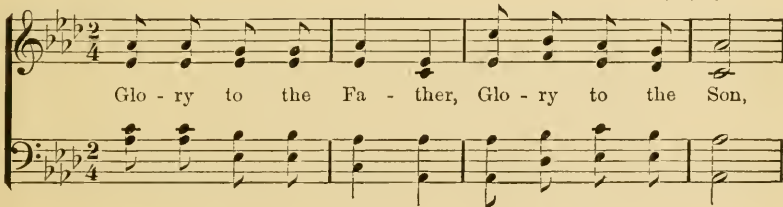
5 I must be watchful of my thoughts,  
Lest Satan get control,  
For evil thoughts are sure to work  
Destruction to the soul.

# No. 115.

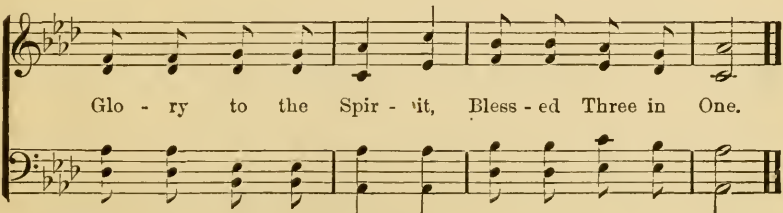
# The Blessed Trinity.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.



Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,



Glo - ry to the Spir - it, Bless - ed Three in One.

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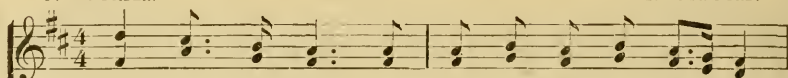


## No. 116.

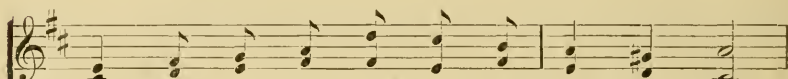
## Hark! hark! my Soul!

F. W. FABER.


S. V. R. FORD.



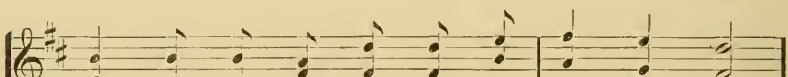
1. Hark! hark! my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing



O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore:

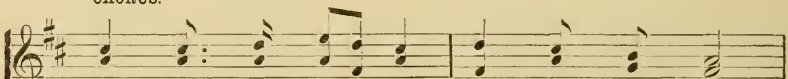


How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing



Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

## CHORUS.



An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,

## Hark! hark! my Soul!—Concluded.

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night;

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.—*Cho.*
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
 And laden souls by thousands, meekly stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—*Cho.*
- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past,  
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Cho.*
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Cho.*

## No. 117.

## Toiling in Vain.\*

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Toil - ing in vain through the night dark and drear - y,

Seek - ing to res - cue some soul from de - spair;

Toil - ing in vain, till the heart, faint and wea - ry,

Sinks 'neath its bur - den of toil, doubt and care.

## CHORUS.

Cour - age, my broth - er! the Mas - ter is say - ing.

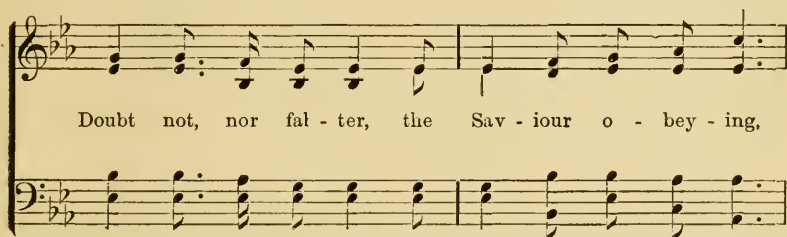
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\* May be sung as a Soprano and Alto Duet, and Chorus.

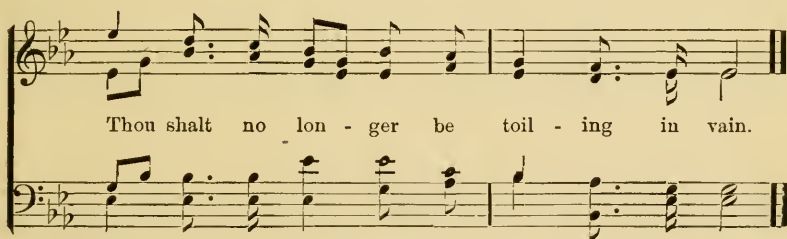
## Toiling in Vain.—Concluded.



“Cast in the net at my bid - ding a - gain;”



Doubt not, nor fal - ter, the Sav - iour o - bey - ing,



Thou shalt no lon - ger be toil - ing in vain.

- 2 If thou art weary and faint in well doing,  
Gird on the armor anew for thy toil;  
He who with malice the lost is pursuing,  
Suffers no failure his purpose to foil.—*Cho.*
- 3 Christ, for the joy set before Him in heaven,  
Suffered to rescue thy soul from the grave;  
Freely His life for thy ransom was given—  
Wilt thou not labor another to save? *Cho.*
- 4 Why should the Master thy toil be entreating?  
Hast thou no faith in the promised reward?  
Only the faithful shall hear the glad greeting:  
“Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!”—*Cho.*

## No. 118.

## Keeping Step.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Sol - diers of the cross are we, March - ing on, marching on;

Christ will give us vic - to - ry, March - ing on to - geth - er.

## CHORUS.

Keep - ing step, step, step, To the mu - sic of our song;

Keep - ing step, step, step, While the cho - rus flows a - long.

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2 We are happy as we sing,  
Clapping hands! clapping hands!  
Praises to our heav'nly King,  
Clapping hands together!—*Cho.*

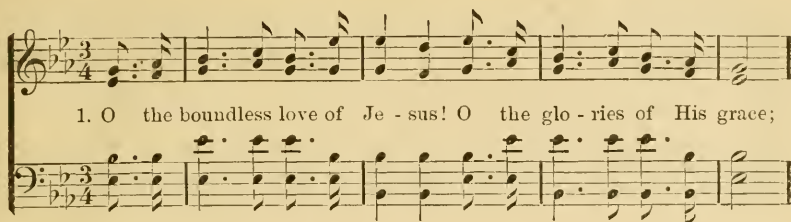
3 Following Jesus day by day,  
Hand in hand, hand in hand;  
Walking in the narrow way,  
Hand in hand together.—*Cho.*

4 We will trust in Jesus' love,  
Looking up, looking up;  
For a home in heav'n above,  
Looking up together.—*Cho.*

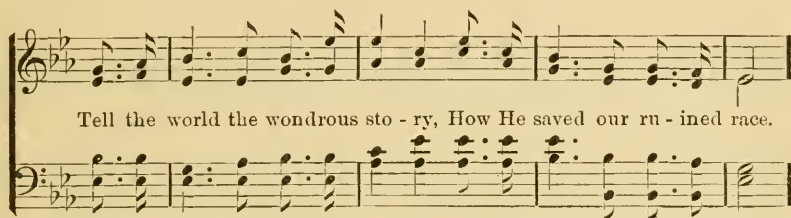
# No. 119. Jesus' Boundless Love.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

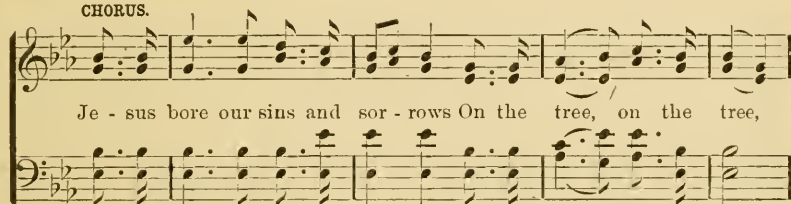


1. O the boundless love of Je - sus! O the glo - ries of His grace;

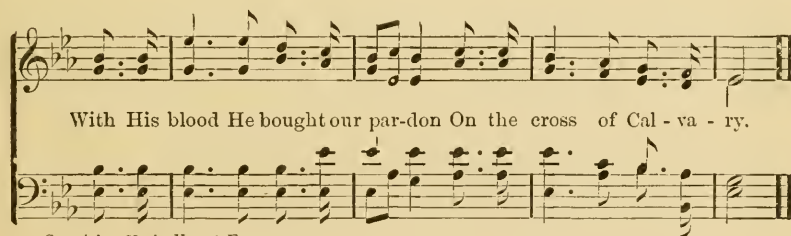


Tell the world the wondrous sto - ry, How He saved our ru - ined race.

## CHORUS.



Je - sus bore our sins and sor - rows On the tree, on the tree,



With His blood He bought our par-don On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

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2 Crowned with majesty eternal,  
Yet He left His kingly throne—  
Came to earth and bore our burdens,  
Made our anguish all His own. *Cho.*

3 Rich in glory with the Father,  
Lord of life, Creator, God;  
Yet, made flesh, He dwelt among us,  
And alone the wine-press trod. *Cho.*

4 Infinite His foes to conquer,  
Yet obedient He became  
Unto death, and paid our ransom  
From the curse of sin and shame. *Cho.*

5 Risen again! Hail! King immortal!  
Thou hast vanquished death and hell!  
Through heaven's grand reopened portal  
Take us home with Thee to dwell! *Cho.*



## No. 120.

## Star of the East.

BISHOP HEBER.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,

Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us thine aid;

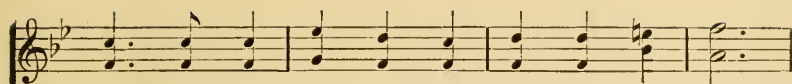
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,

Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

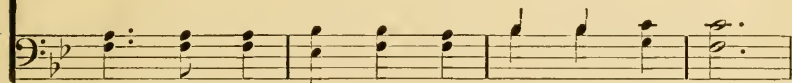
## CHORUS.

Star of the O - ri - ent, Je - sus re - veal - ing,

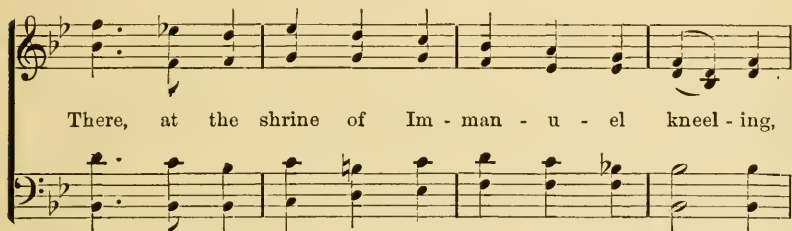
## Star of the East.—Concluded.



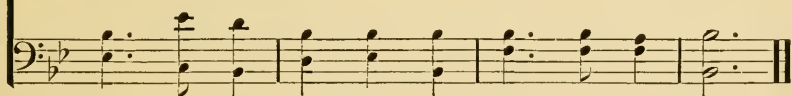
Guide us to Beth - le - hem's sa - cred re - treat;



There, at the shrine of Im - man - u - el kneel - ing,



Glad - ly we'll lay all our gifts at His feet.



2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall.  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—  
Maker and monarch and Saviour of all.—*Cho.*

3 Say shall we yield Him in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom and off'rings divine?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?—*Cho.*

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.—*Cho.*

## No. 121.

## Undertake for Me.

"O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me."—Isa. 38. 14.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. Sav - iour, when with sin op - pressed, To the cross I flee;  
2. When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail, Let me hide in Thee;

Seek - ing par - don, peace and rest— Un - der - take for me.  
In Thy strength I shall pre - vail— Un - der - take for me.

## CHORUS.

Un - der - take for me, . . . . . Un - der - take for me;  
for me, for me;

Hear my pray'r, O Lamb of God, List - en to my plea;

## Undertake for Me.—Concluded.

Un - der - take for me;..... Un - der - take for me;.....

for me, for me;

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first system's vocal line (treble) has lyrics 'Un - der - take for me;..... Un - der - take for me;.....'. The piano accompaniment (bass) has lyrics 'for me, for me;'.

Let Thine all - a - ton - ing blood Cleanse and make me free.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats. The vocal line (treble) has the lyrics 'Let Thine all - a - ton - ing blood Cleanse and make me free.'.

3 When the waves of sorrow roll,  
Calm the troubled sea:  
Whisper comfort to my soul—  
Undertake for me.—*Cho.*

4 When to Jordan's brink I come,  
Let me find in Thee;  
Father, welcome rest and home—  
Undertake for me.—*Cho.*

## The Heavens declare His Glory.

The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim;  
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Doth His Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What, though no real voice nor sound  
Amid the radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
Forever singing as they shine,  
The Hand that made us is divine.

ADDISON.

## No. 122.

## Life's Rapid Thread.

CHARLOTTE TUCKER.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. How swift - ly flies life's rap - id thread, With - in the

The first system of music is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line starts with a quarter note Bb3, followed by a quarter note G3, a quarter note F3, and a quarter note E3. The system ends with a double bar line.

might - y loom of time; What bril - liant lights o'er

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line. The melody starts with a quarter note D5, followed by a quarter note C5, a quarter note Bb4, and a quarter note A4. The bass line starts with a quarter note D3, followed by a quarter note C3, a quarter note Bb2, and a quarter note A2. The system ends with a double bar line.

some are shed, While some are stained with woe and crime; But

The third system of music continues the melody and bass line. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, and a quarter note D4. The bass line starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2. The system ends with a double bar line.

bright webs they are weav - ing, Who trust - ing and be -

The fourth system of music continues the melody and bass line. The melody starts with a quarter note C5, followed by a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The bass line starts with a quarter note C3, followed by a quarter note Bb2, a quarter note A2, and a quarter note G2. The system ends with a double bar line.

## Life's Rapid Thread.—Concluded.

liev - ing, In scenes of sor - row, scenes of joy,

God's grace are still re - ceiv - ing; In scenes of sor - row,

scenes of joy, God's grace are still re - ceiv - ing.

2 'Tis thus the Christian we behold  
 In sickness and in woe resigned,  
 Because religion's thread of gold  
 Is in his gloomy lot entwined;  
 A bright web he is weaving,  
 When trusting and believing;  
 ||: He from a heavenly Father's hand  
 Each trial is receiving. ||:

3 Death soon will snap the thread in twain;  
 Times busy loom itself must rest;  
 Naught but a winding sheet remain  
 Of all that mortals are possessed.  
 Then every sorrow leaving,  
 No more o'er trials grieving;  
 ||: How blest the Christian from his Lord  
 Eternal life receiving. ||:



## No. 123.

## The City of Gold.

S. V. R. F.

S. V. R. FORD.

1. I seek for a cit - y whose build - er is God,

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

Whose street, bright and gold - en, no mor - tal hath trod;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with chords.

Its walls are of jas - per, Its gates pearl - y white,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with chords.

And God is its tem - ple, Mes - si - ah its light.

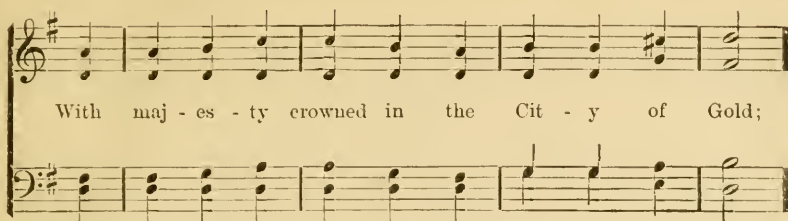
The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with chords.

## REFRAIN.

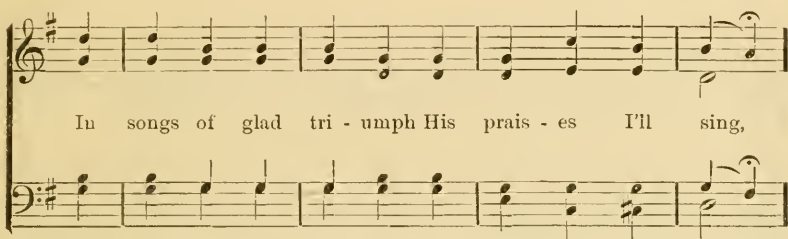
The King in His beau - ty mine eyes shall be - hold,

The refrain system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with chords.

## The City of Gold.—Concluded.



With maj - es - ty crowned in the Cit - y of Gold;



In songs of glad tri - umph His prais - es I'll sing,



As - crib - ing all glo - ry to Je - sus, my King.

- 2 No sickness shall enter the city of life;  
No sorrow nor sighing, no pain and no strife,  
No parting with loved ones, no tearful good-bye,  
Shall ever embitter the home in the sky.—*Ref.*
  
- 3 The saints shall not fear for the terror by night,  
Nor the arrow by day in the city of light;  
No harm shall befall them, whatever betide,  
Who under the Infinite shadow abide.— *Ref.*
  
- 4 No sin e'er shall enter the city of peace;  
Contention and hatred forever shall cease;  
All discords resolve into harmony sweet,  
And love blend all souls at Immanuel's feet.—*Ref.*

## No. 124.

## Joy to the World.

Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let

ev - ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And

And heav'n, And heav'n and nature

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

## No. 125.

## Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee!

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;  
Only Thou art holy! there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;  
Holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

# No. 126.      Cleansing Fountain.    C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-mannuel's veins;

And sinners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

Lose all their guilt - y stains,.... Lose all their guilt - y stains;

And sin-ners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

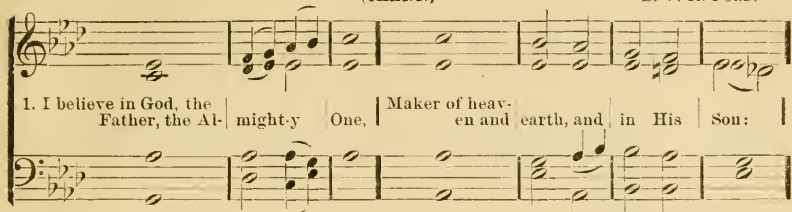
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 The dying thief rejoiced to see<br/>That fountain in his day;<br/>And there may I, though vile as he,<br/>Wash all my sins away.</p> <p>3 Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood<br/>Shall never lose its power,<br/>Till all the ransomed Church of God<br/>Are saved to sin no more.</p> | <p>4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream<br/>Thy flowing wounds supply,<br/>Redeeming love has been my theme,<br/>And shall be till I die.</p> <p>5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,<br/>I'll sing Thy power to save,<br/>When this poor lisping, stammering<br/>Lies silent in the grave. [tongue,</p> |
|--|---|

## No. 127.

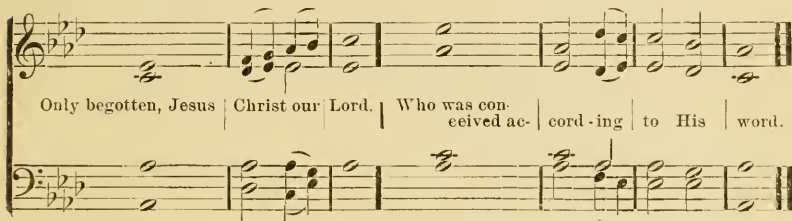
## The Apostles' Creed.

(CHANT.)

S. V. R. FORD.



1. I believe in God, the Father, the Al- | might-y One, | Maker of heav- | en and earth, and | in His Son: |



Only begotten, Jesus | Christ our Lord. | Who was con- | ceived ac- | cord-ing | to His word.

- 2 By Holy Ghost, and incar- | nate be- | came, || Born of the Virgin | Mary, | blessed | name. ||  
By Pontius Pilate scourged and | cruci- | fied, || On Calvary's cross He | suf- | fered, | bled, and died.
- 3 And was entombed in the new | sepul- | cher || Of Joseph, His good | friend, the | counsel- | or, ||  
And into Hades did de- | scend to | stay || Until the early | morn of | the third | day;
- 4 Then from the dead in triumph | He a- | rose, || And into heaven as- | cended | for His | foes ||  
To intercede, at the right | hand of | God, || The Father, pleading | His own | precious | blood,
- 5 Which was for man's redemption | freely | shed; || Thence He shall come to | judge the | quick and | dead; ||  
And in the Holy Ghost, de- | clared to | be || Third person in the | blessed | Trini- | ty;
- 6 And in the Holy Catholic | Church of | God, || Redeemed from sin by | Christ's a- | toning | blood; ||  
In the communion of the | saints, and | in || The full forgiveness | of re- | pent- | ed sin;
- 7 And in the resurrection | from the | ground || Of this vile body, | when the | trump shall | sound; ||  
In everlasting life re- | stored a- | gain: || All this I steadfast- | ly be- | lieve, A- | men.

## GLORIA PATRI.

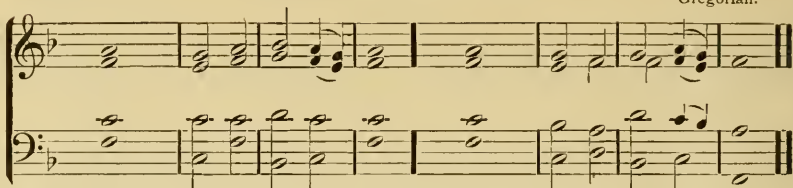
Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost; ||  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || World without | end, A- | men, A- | men.



# No. 128.

# The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian.



- 1 Our Father who art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name. ||  
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven,
- 2 Give us this | day our— | daily | bread: ||  
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
- 3 Lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ||  
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. |  
A- — | men.

# No. 129.

# Glory in Excelsis.

Unknown.

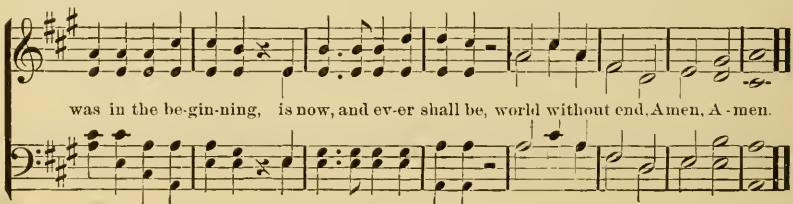
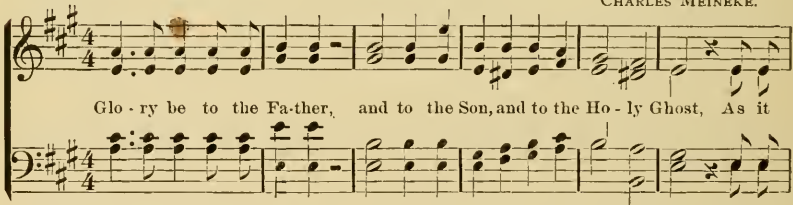


- Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.  
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee, || we glorify Thee, we give  
thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

# No. 130.

# Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



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